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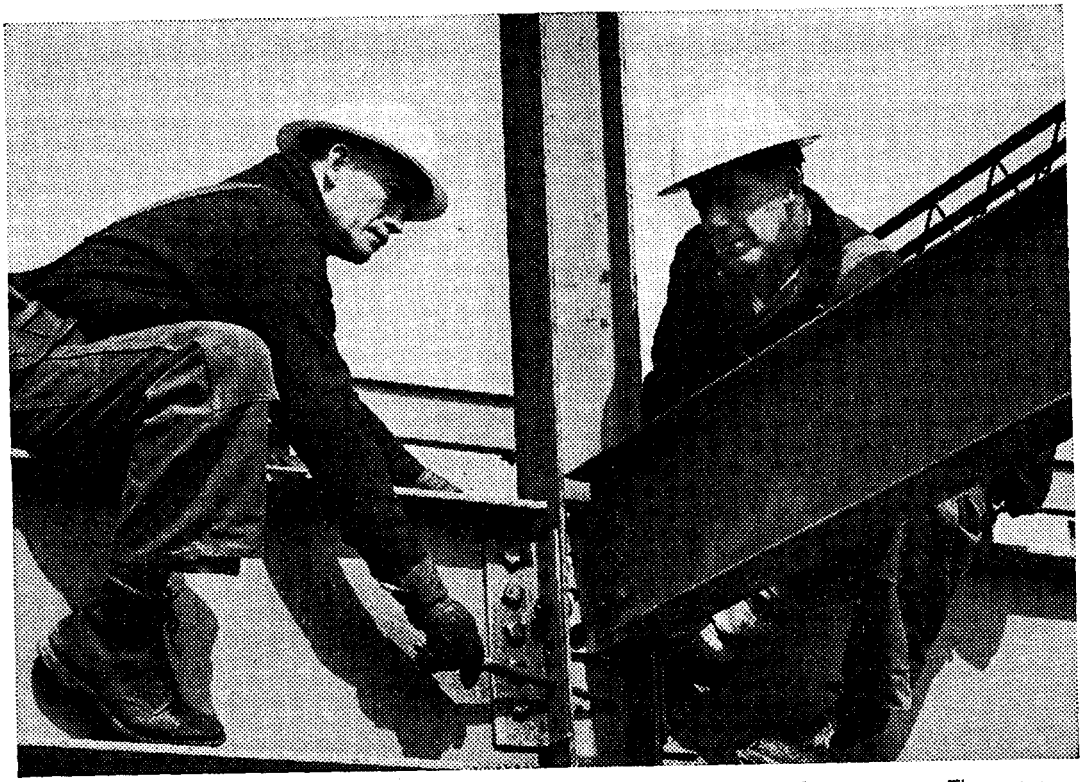

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the scholar cornered

Thoughts on the National Purpose

A year ago I returned from a trip through Asia and the Soviet Union convinced that there was a fundamental difference between the people of those countries and ourselves. They all seemed to know exactly where they were going. We, in contrast, seemed perplexed in proportion as we were wealthy and confused in proportion as we were secure. "Given the world as it is," I wrote during the voyage, "the task before the United States is a redirection of its efforts and a definition of its aims."

Getting back to this country in the spring of 1960, I found that almost everyone else seemed to be obsessed by the same idea. The Rockefeller Brothers Panel, which had had its say on such matters as defense, foreign policy and economic growth, was then turning to a report on American values and the democratic process. The President's Commission on National Goals was being established; and *Life* magazine was starting a widely heralded series on the "national purpose." These were only the visible signs of a discussion that seemed to be going on in all circles, as men and women asked themselves what this great, rich and powerful country was really trying to do in the world.

A year has passed; and it cannot be said that any final illumination has been cast upon the question. The reports then in preparation have been completed and have made their way into the public domain. They provided a useful exercise for those who composed them; but no one could actually have supposed that they would much alter the shape of things. Nowadays, no doubt, we *feel* better about ourselves. A fresh administration has brought youth and intellectual activity to government; the New Frontier has been given as the destination whither we are bound. One thinks, however, of all those busy, dedicated people in countries far off; and in comparison we still appear to be a rather fumbling, easy-going land.

Some of the purposefulness we discern elsewhere is, in all probability, an illusion. There is no country in Asia that does not have its "plan," neatly outlining objectives and methods in the social and economic spheres for years ahead. These plans are often divorced from reality, the product of a small, highly intelligent group cut off from the true sources of power in the state. Idleness and corruption are at least as much a part of the picture as lucid resolve. Moreover these countries have something fairly simple and obvious to strive for. They are engaged in the old struggle for sufficient food and shelter for their people, for power and transportation adequate to meet the minimum needs of the twentieth-century world, and for social services that will afford some sort of protection against the inequalities of fate and of man's blundering economic systems. The means to achieve these objectives are largely lacking; the essential problem is one of dividing limited

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or nonexistent resources among overwhelming needs.

Still, it is something to know what one wants; to be part of such an economy is to have clear courses of action open, at least for the educated and ambitious elements of the community. In India, in Burma, in Thailand one meets again and again the father whose sons, still in their teens, are firmly headed toward professional careers. Inevitably engineering is the first choice; medicine the second. The future for such youths seems clear and certain. They are preparing for work that they know their countries desperately need. The father, often in a minor government post, can for his part look forward to an old age in which his children are prospering and he himself secure. How rarely in contemporary America does one find within a family that same kind of certainty and confidence!

The Soviet Union is still ostensibly fighting the long battle against insufficiencies; no small part of its capacity for single-minded efforts is derived from the fact that its needs in almost all fields of human progress are very great. Yet one has the feeling that the Soviet Union may be nearer than it quite realizes to the time when abundance and even surpluses begin to confuse its purposes and dull the edge of its national efforts. The foundation of a powerful industrial civilization has been laid amid the struggles of the past forty years. From our own experiences we know how rapidly the goods can pour out of the pipelines.

I remember one conversation in Moscow with the young guide who was showing me about the museum where the glories and horrors of the Russian Revolution are portrayed. He was obviously somewhat appalled when I suggested he must envy those who had lived through so great a historical epoch. The Revolution, he assured me, was over; and he expressed incredulity when I told him that Thomas Jefferson had thought that a little revolution in every generation would be a good thing. "Surely," said this young Soviet citizen, "Mr. Jefferson could not have been serious."

If not revolution, I asked him, what was the goal of his generation? Without a moment's hesitation he said: "The achievement of abundance in a technological society." How simple and out of date, I thought to myself. If only the American people could hold up before themselves so uncomplicated a quest! Yet these Soviet citizens are themselves destined to know in due time how subtly complex and how tormenting existence can become when the simple urgencies of life have been alleviated. Actually the Russians already see the first evidences of deviation from single-minded struggle toward objective and ascertainable ends. The work week is being significantly shortened. In the evenings in the Moscow hotels the *stilyagi*—members of the young generation relieved by the success of their fathers from economic necessities—dance to Western jazz as their particular form of protest.

"You look forward to leisure," I remarked to another young Russian acquaintance, "but how can you be sure that the people will not spend their time foolishly, as they too often do in America—for example, watching bad movies?"

"In Russia," was the immediate reply, "we don't have any bad movies."

I dropped the conversation at that point; as it is perhaps time I dropped these reminiscences to come back to our problem in America. The sense of purposelessness that observers have sensed in the nation is undoubtedly owing in part to the lack among young people of clear channels into which they can pour their efforts, the dearth of meaningful jobs that involve a deep commitment. If young people do not know where they are going, then the people as a whole are apt not to know where the country is going. Individual careers beckoning clearly and opening by definite stages to accomplishment and satisfaction can infuse a whole society with confidence. Where such careers do not exist—where jobs seem insignificant or unmanly— the best efforts to set national goals will fail of their objective.

We owe support for this thesis to Paul Goodman, whose *Growing Up Absurd* is one of those books that inevitably annoys people as much as it startles them. It is often said that the older generation has failed to

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communicate to those who are now reaching maturity any sense of its ideals, its purposes, its values. Quite the opposite is the case, says Mr. Goodman. The young people have heard perfectly well what their elders are saying; the trouble is, they don't like what they hear. They engage, as a result, in various forms of evasion and denial, to which the older generation attaches the epithet of delinquency or antisocial behavior. What the young like least of all, Mr. Goodman claims, is the assumption that they should be ready to spend themselves in jobs that lack any real outlet for creativeness or workmanship, or in careers that serve trivial and secondary ends.

An indictment so broad is bound to be challenged in its details; yet it is disturbing to find how often young people today are dissatisfied by the opportunities offered them by society. The enthusiasm evoked by Mr. Kennedy's Peace Corps is one indication of the need for hard tasks related to large and self-evident objectives. The experiment involves, for the time being at least, an infinitesimally small number of young people. The pathetic eagerness that has greeted it means the more certainly that it will leave disillusionments and suffer from painful mistakes. Yet as a symbol, if not as a solution, the plan has importance. It is not a very cheering symbol, revealing by contrast the flat and tepid nature of the life to which most of the generation are resigned.

The Peace Corps is important also because it suggests to us all that the big tasks are out in the world, among new nations and economically backward people. Not so long ago we were ready to believe that the enrichment of our lives was enough. The similarities, and the differences, between this invention of Mr. Kennedy's and Mr. Roosevelt's famous Civilian Conservation Corps are a measure of how the national perspective has changed in thirty years. The achievement of abundance, the conviction that we can have leisure if we desire it, can mitigate the hazards of life and control economic cycles if we seriously try, have taken much of the excitement out of national politics. Meanwhile we have finally come to realize the appalling contrast between our own wealth and the poverty and misery of others.

To find a way of bringing our influence —and our wealth—to bear on these problems has not been easy. It was comforting to think that democracy was exportable and that by example or pressure we might induce others to be like us. But democracy turns out to be not a simple method nor an obvious principle; as one of the older nations we suddenly discover that our particular way of living and of governing ourselves rests upon a myriad of tacit conventions, on established tolerances and understandings. To describe our system truly is to discourage imitators. It is to raise the question, moreover, of whether such a system is the most effective or useful for achieving the headlong economic development that the backward nations seek. Yet at the heart of all we are there rests the indelible belief that somehow or other we have for our national destiny the task of playing a formative role in the world.

Foreign aid and technical assistance are, looked at candidly, instruments feeble enough for such a purpose. The idea of adding our sweat and toil—adding it vicariously through the sacrifices and sharing of a handful of our young—seems more appealing.

> I have eaten your bread and salt.
> I have drunk your water and wine.
> The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
> And the lives ye led were mine.

That could be an *envoi* fit for the new American heroes. In dirt and discomfort may be our salvation after all. (Unfortunately the lines are from Kipling—who hardly seems the right spokesman for this new adventure.)

Meanwhile there is always the Cold War as an alternative. Resisting the Soviets, making our right prevail over their wrong, may seem an adequate national objective, at least to the middle-aged. Resist we certainly must; and yet there is the ever-present risk that we shall remain frozen in this one position after events and circumstances have subtly changed. As a people we rose

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to the historical moment when alone—almost as alone as Britain in 1940—we were called to stand up to the enemy and to keep his will from prevailing. We devised imaginative and generous schemes for strengthening those who shared our faith. But the very success of our strategy, combined with the revival of power centers outside the United States and the Soviet Union, has transformed the struggle so that it requires new tactics and certainly deserves a new name. In its present form it is too generalized and pervasive, too entwined with all the processes of our national life, to be capable of giving any single direction to our energies.

In the end we must come back, I suppose, to the all-too-familiar concept of leadership. It was for lack of leadership, probably more than for any other reason, that we fell into the mood of self-questioning and doubt about our purpose and our aims. To be rich in this world, to be busy and intense, is not enough by itself to create health and spirit. The individual must find a clear line of action; a society must find amid a welter of conflicting purposes some definite values and some accepted first things. Leadership is the means by which priorities are shaped and certain choices are made to appear vastly more necessary and desirable than others. We think that under a new administration we have leadership now; commissions and panels devoted to finding goals seem in this context feeble substitutes for the real thing.

But even leadership is of little use unless somewhere there is a dumb, instinctive belief—belief, in spite of all, in oneself and one's friends and fellow-citizens. "If men and nations do not find life worth the living, or what it offers worth possessing, it is very certain nature will replace them by others who do. . . . Power in the world, the prizes of the world, must go to those who value them, and think them worth the effort to secure." Thus W. Macneile Dixon in his famous Gifford Lectures of 1937. The words come with an old-fashioned ring. But suppose they are still true? Then what would be required of the United States would not be simply what I have called "a redefinition of its aims." There would be required nothing less than rediscovery of a lost and vital inner quality.

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How to Make Trends and Influence People

K. R. MINOGUE

A FREE SOCIETY has often been seen as the social system that provides the best conditions for education and the pursuit of truth. There is much to be said for this view; but a free society can also be seen as an excellent breeding ground for gullibility, along with such consequences as ignorance, panic and hysteria.

In traditional societies, custom determines most lines of behavior. Where it breaks down, coercion is used to unify a state. But in democracy coercion is a sign of failure, and the result is the opening up of a great new frontier for the man whose technical skill is persuading individuals to act in a required manner.

In modern democracies intellectuals like to divide up society into the educated few and the uneducated masses. The uneducated masses cause them a great deal of anxiety. Television, advertising, horror comics—all of these furrow the intellectual brow as it contemplates their evil effects upon a populace too uncritical to see what is being imposed upon it. The modern intellectual is a man who sees himself, upon rather scanty evidence, as the child in the fairy story who cried: "The Emperor hasn't any clothes on." But those who see the nakedness of others ought to be prepared to undress themselves once in a while. For the truth is that while an advanced education protects us against some crude forms of propaganda, it lowers our defences against others.

All propaganda conforms to one of two logical patterns which, in ethical terms, we may call the deontological and the teleological. The simplest form of deontological propaganda would be: "God

✪ K. R. MINOGUE's article, "A Fable of Time and Class," appeared in the Spring, 1961, SCHOLAR. Mr. Minogue, who is lecturer in political science at The London School of Economics, is writing a book about modern liberalism that Methuen will publish in England.

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commands you to do X." In a devout community, this form of persuasion is uniquely effective, and there is no doubt that all modern propagandists look back wistfully to times when they imagined persuasion was so simple a matter. In the present time, however, divine injunctions about the Maidenform bra or the brand name on one's breakfast cereals would be regarded as out of place. In any case, "God wishes you to do X" obviously will cut no ice in a community of atheists, nor, indeed, in a community where different views of God exist. This emphasizes the defect of deontological forms of persuasion. They lose effectiveness from the moment that the sceptical rot has set in. In various forms—often where an abstract entity such as the State has been substituted for God—they sometimes reappear. The highest ingenuity recorded in the deontological tradition was that of Kant, who created command persuasion without a commander. The effect of a command without a commander is to make the persuasion less vulnerable to sceptics of one kind or another; but the result is so formal that its use is severely limited.

The main effect of democracy has been to put a high premium upon teleological persuasion. This technique starts from the undeniable premise that we all want things. Our wants establish hopes and fears upon which the persuader can play his tune. The logical form of this kind of persuasion is: "We all want X (which is some highly abstract entity like happiness or security), but we will get it only if we do Y." The persuader is here telling us how we can get more efficiently what we happen to want independently of his persuasion. In this formula, persuasion comes to look like expert guidance, and thus conforms to the first rule of all good persuasion: it should not look like persuasion at all. This is the technique used almost exclusively in the largest single branch of the persuasion movement, which is commercial advertising. So long as the device convincingly begins with what people want, it can make even the partial and subjective look like the impartial and objective.

The current intellectual version of this general technique is founded upon the trend. The trend here is simply a statement of any series of events forming a pattern amidst the flux of life. When projected into the future, the trend becomes a prediction. The

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number of possible trends is infinite, but the number that the persuader can use is more limited—he is looking for trends that can be connected with our hopes and fears. He offers us both fulfillment and salvation. He must show us desirable things to be gained and disasters to be averted. Both the desirable things and the disasters lie in the future, so he must predict them. The way to make his predictions convincing is to discover trends that seem to lead to them. Thus the technique of trend persuasion soon becomes the construction of a certain kind of future, which is both enticing and menacing.

Time is very important in the intellectual world that results. There are the mistakes of the past, from which we may learn; there is the crisis in the present, which forces us to act; and there is the question of survival and fulfillment in the future, which we must face. The persuader thus appears as someone more prudent and more longsighted than we are, and since he is purporting to describe an objective situation, his vested interest is not at all obvious. Indeed, there seldom is anything that might vulgarly be considered a vested interest. In the elevated sphere we are describing, vested interests are usually emotional, rather than material or financial.

This kind of persuader is generally an idealist. And he may move further away from the embarrassing logic of persuasion by seeing himself as a protagonist of a drama. Rather than a man with a policy to recommend, he may see himself a man of active virtue battling against a vice, to which he generally gives some such name as complacency or apathy. (The behavior described as "complacency" or "apathy" is an alternative policy, but its status is lowered if it is seen in negative terms.) If the persuader does take up this role, he may begin to outline a moral psychology in which the conception of will power plays an important part. The mistakes of the past, he is likely to say, resulted from no one "finding the will" to put them right; people preferred to drift. But now things have reached a crisis point, and therefore our survival is at stake.

The pronoun "we" is an outstanding feature of trend persuasion. By means of it, the reader or listener is beguiled into an implicit alliance with the persuader, and there are many general theories that can be called on to substantiate this alliance. "Any

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man's death diminishes me," wrote John Donne, and much political thinking has gone into elaboration of this view. Thus the theory of the common good has the effect of showing that no individual can retreat from his community. Or, to take a more extravagant example, the theory that "society is really the criminal" opens up many possibilities for the persuader (especially the more moralistic one) by asserting that crime cannot be eliminated until we "reform" ourselves. The effect of all such theories is to bring into the persuader's net the widest possible audience, and to infect it with a sense of duty and responsibility. The harassed citizen can no longer ward off these Ancient Mariners with an irritable: "It's none of my business." The eye of the persuader is righteous, as well as hypnotic.

Entrenched thus, the persuader can safely use his two key terms, "crisis" and "survival," as absolutes affecting everybody. They are, so to speak, the ultimate persuaders. If one asks: "Crisis for whom?" the instant reply is "for you." If one demands: "Whose survival is at stake?" then the answer is always "yours." Problems also acquire a curious kind of objectivity; they are always simply problems, or perhaps social problems, and they are equally everybody's business. In this way, the persuader has a moral claim upon the attention of everyone, and inattention has become a sin. He can now present his trends—the increase of world population, the growth of delinquency, the incursions of communism, the new brazenness of homosexuals, et cetera—in the confidence of having a receptive audience.

The emotion that the persuader first hopes to arouse is that of urgency in the face of his problems. The ideal situation, in a sense, is therefore war, when such questions as survival are more plausible than in peacetime. When not using a problem-solution type of logic, the persuader is happiest when employing military metaphors. It is thus that we find ourselves now waging the cold war against communism, the war against want, the battle against crime, and even the persuader's battle par excellence, the fight against apathy. The contemporary importance of war has no doubt greatly affected the technique of trend-persuasion. War is habit-forming, and peace is confusing to many people who cannot deal

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with conflicting standards and feelings of guilt. Besides, war has demonstrated what immense things can be achieved "if we really set our minds to it." Thus the trend-persuader with an ambitious policy to recommend is offering us something far better than war, which, even with its incidental advantages, is a nasty and destructive business: he is offering us a war substitute, a despotic goal in terms of which life can be organized.

The trend in question here is voluntaristic; it contrasts a picture of what we can achieve with another picture of what will happen if we do not rouse ourselves. This kind of trend is now dominant. There was a time when the determinist trend, which sees the future as a wave in which we either swim or drown, was more striking, and threw up such classic instances of the genre as the *Communist Manifesto*. But the determinist trend has been weakened at all levels. Intellectually, it crumbled along with its close relation, historicism. And as a vehicle of popular support, generating fanaticism, it was most successful when it was virtually without rivals. But when the market place was full of persuaders, peddling equally inevitable but rather different trends, the populace became bored and sceptical, and when the ebbing passions of a generation were no more, the determinist trend disappeared from the scene. It may return, but not for some time.

The result has been to make the voluntarist trend the more convincing, since the intellectual attack on historicism was an attack on inevitability. If nothing was inevitable, then we might be aroused to do anything. Many dangers remained. Furthermore, persuaders using the voluntarist trend could co-operate in a way not open to those favoring determinism. They could join in attacking complacency. They could infiltrate the democratic conscience with a conception of the good citizen as a man who understood the Great Issues of Our Time, giving their own content to this promising slogan. Perhaps their greatest achievement in this direction was to suggest that one battle could be won by sending people to fight another. Thus enterprising social investigators discovered that few young people read such authors as Kierkegaard and most adored Elvis Presley. This was obviously a problem. Its solution lay in getting the youth interested in the Great Issues of

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Our Time, and in convincing them that it was somehow adult, responsible and mature to sit around and chat about the problem of nuclear energy or of the world food supply.

Now one might well imagine that most people react to this by shrugging their shoulders and going about their own business, more or less unaffected. And this, no doubt, is just what most people in fact do. Yet a substantial number are drawn into this persuasive movement, whose symptoms are a feeling of guilt about complacency and strong moral feelings about the duty of responsibility to others. How do we explain this susceptibility?

The reader trained in the social sciences will already have observed that what has been outlined as a technique of persuasion is identical, if certain refinements are neglected, with the operative rules of much social science. It used to be thought desirable to create something called a "value-free social science" in which the trends would simply be identified, measured and related, whilst their "use" was left to "policy framers." Thus the social scientist thought he was concerned with *means* (which trends in the context of a policy can become) whilst others decided what the ends ought to be. One main difficulty of this position was the sheer psychological impossibility of the separation. Trends wouldn't lie down. They became predictions, or justifications, or refutations of something the moment they were detected. Great numbers of social scientists were, in any case, too confused to tell the difference between a practical problem and an intellectual one. Further, trend detection became as habit-forming as taking drugs. Just as the neurotic scrutinizes the faces of his associates for signs of hostility, so those who formed the trend-habit could not help scrutinizing everything they encountered for signs. The discovery of trends even grew into an art form: the sociological best seller, in the tradition of Veblen, spread the habit. As Lionel Trilling has remarked, this form of social diagnosis took over some of the talent and much of the impetus that in other times has gone into the novel. This development flowed along with an obsession with change and insecurity; such a world is paradise for anyone with an inclination toward the voluntarist trend (and most of us do have such an inclination).

All this might mean that we had all become alert, responsible,

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democratic citizens; or, alternatively, that we had all become rather hysterical babes in a wood, looking for a gleam of light. What it would certainly indicate is a connection between gullibility on the one hand and the orthodox theory of democracy on the other. Somewhere between those responsible for policy in a society, who live in a world of speculations about the future, and those who care for nothing except their immediate and local life, there is a large class whose interest in social and political problems lacks the anchorage of direct responsibility. They are eager to do the right thing, and they have been taught that their duty is to take an interest in world affairs. Normally they lack experience of these matters, and often their education has not made them discriminating about the printed word. They are, indeed, a valuable section of the community and they are not the least effective of checks on government. Perhaps for this reason, they often have an ingrained suspicion of politicians, yet their own political judgments are wildly erratic. They are decent, sympathetic and idealistic.

Their main fault is that they are prey to intellectual fashions, and fashion is the main guide to the vicarious worries they take upon themselves. A decade ago their primary worry was Communist aggression. More recently, it has been the prospect of total annihilation from Hydrogen Bomb warfare (with such allied worries as genetic effects). More recently still, the gap between arts and science, as related to perennial problems like food shortage and overpopulation, has come back into vogue. It is no doubt true that any man's death diminishes me, but this doctrine can easily be taken to the verge of hysteria. No one would deny that these are important questions opening up explosive political and social possibilities; but for most of the inhabitants of Western countries they are vicarious ones. Short of disrupting his normal life (which he is not prepared to do), the average man can do very little about them. But, feeling a compulsion to act, he chooses substitute acts—passing resolutions, going to meetings, writing letters to papers—and imagines that he is "doing something about it." This sort of mind is found most prevalently, although by no means exclusively, in the political tradition of liberalism.

Trend persuasion is, then, a modern and popularized version

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of the kind of calculations that politicians have always had to make, combined with an extraneous philanthropic moral theory. How should one estimate this development? One consequence is to keep democracies alert and flexible in (to use a persuasion cliché) "a changing world." Yet trend persuasion is also subject to fashion, and therefore likely to distort social and political policies according to the (often misguided) emotions of the moment. A vicious circle operates: the more trends we discover, the more insecure we feel; and the more insecure we feel, the more we go on looking for trends. If the anxiety grows too much for us, we may become easy victims of the charlatan who offers us a panacea. Logically speaking, this road leads on to totalitarianism, the attempt to find a total solution for a bogus problem. But this would be to take trend persuasion as itself a trend.

The problems are always new, the solutions always old. This is the fact that must make us suspicious of persuasion. We imagine that experience presents us with problems, and *then* we start to seek solutions. Whatever the weaknesses of this belief, it yet determines the way in which the persuader presents his case. Historically, however, the solutions always come first. Seldom in the twentieth century have we lacked prophets telling us about the need for competitive industry, the duties of international philanthropy, better distribution of world production, the need for more science in education and the value of the lash as a deterrent. Such policies are part of the air we breathe, and as such rather too familiar to rouse us very much. They are much more striking if they can be presented not as possible policies we might follow, but as *solutions* to problems. The persuader is thus not a man who must find solutions for problems, but one who must construct problems to fit preexisting solutions.

It remains to consider the possible distortions that persuasion might have on social life. If society be considered as a complex of activities and institutions—religious, artistic, industrial, commercial, academic, et cetera—then the character of the society will emerge out of their relations. But these institutions not only cooperate; they also compete (financially, morally, intellectually, for example) and each tries to carve a larger future for itself. Now if

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into this context of struggle one introduces ideas of the "great issues of our time," then it is clear that some institutions will be strengthened and some will be weakened. If the great issue of our time is how to prevent malnutrition among Asians and Africans, then the events of scholarship must seem very far from the battle. Who would elucidate a text of Chaucer when his duty lies out in the monsoon region? How futile experiments in painting technique must look when the survival of the species is in question! Artistic movements are implicitly reduced to the role of entertainment, and a Flaubert torturing himself for a week over the structure of a sentence can only seem absurd. Universities have traditionally followed the trail of truth; but truth is an irrelevance in a world crying out for "science in the service of man." Here is a menace more insidious to religious institutions than any debate about evolution. Industrialization, wrote one recent prophet, is the only hope of the poor—words that echo an evangelical tract, and announce the discovery of a new religious truth.

This idealistic, persuasive movement might be compared to a wind sweeping across a landscape. Without the wind, the air grows fetid and stale. But if the wind blows too violently, and if the fixtures of the landscape lose their anchorage, then the wind becomes destructive. To talk of the "great issues of our time" as fashionable worries no doubt sounds cynical, yet it is important that we recognize the element of fashion their discussion contains, and that we also recognize and retain the large and valuable area of stability our institutions and traditions possess.

The persuader offers us "survival," an abstraction without content haunted only by that theoretical dinosaur known as the "common good." The fact that our plural and diverse Western democracies are still haunted by the ghost of the "common good" testifies to two related things. One is the strength of the trend persuasion movement, and the other is the resulting weakness of political and social studies.

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Japanese Youth

The Search for the New and the Pure

ROBERT JAY LIFTON

YOUTH REBELLIONS ANYWHERE reflect, and demand, social change. When a society is particularly confusing, and pressures for change particularly strong—as in postwar Japan—young people may surprise everyone, including themselves, with the sudden prominence they can achieve. For men and women between eighteen and twenty-five are both old enough and young enough to embrace ideas of rebellion and change, and to act boldly, even rashly, upon them.

One could not help but be struck by such youthful passions during the 1960 mass political demonstrations in Tokyo, especially if one happened to be in Japan, as I was, for the purpose of studying the psychological patterns of Japanese youth. Japanese university students never looked so stimulated, so alive with purpose, as they did during the five-week period following the parliamentary maneuver in which the Japanese-American Security Treaty Revision was approved just after midnight of May 19. The rank and file of the students, which had previously held itself somewhat apart from the rivalries among extremist leaders of the Zengakuren (All Japan Union of Student Self-Governing Society), now put reservations aside and fell in behind them. Students joined the Zengakuren hard core's characteristic zigzag snake dance in such numbers, and with such enthusiasm, that this display of youthful abandon became one of the major tourist attractions of the city. To be sure, there was among the moderately-inclined majority some disapproval of the tactics of the Zengakuren "mainstream" in

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Now living in Tokyo, Dr. Lifton is studying psychological patterns of Japanese youth. "I am particularly interested," he says, "in cross-cultural research concerning the interplay between individual character and historical change."

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storming the Diet grounds. (The "mainstream" is the Zengakuren's dominant group, which split off from Communist leadership in 1958, and whose quest for "pure communism" and for world revolution has caused some to look upon it as "the most radical organization in the world.") There was also disapproval of the equally violent behavior in the Hagerty incident of the "antimainstream" faction, still Communist-controlled. Nevertheless, Zengakuren leaders were suddenly transformed, in the eyes not only of student followers, but of a large segment of Japan's urban population, from wild extremists to heroic and "pure" defenders of Japanese democracy.

Watching the students (who with the workers made up the majority of the demonstrators) march through the streets, each group identified by its particular flag, shouting in unison *Kishi taose* ("Down with Kishi") or *Ampo hantai* ("Down with the Security Treaty"), one sometimes got a sense of ugly hostility that could—as it occasionally did—erupt into violence; yet more often these demonstrations created a much less ominous impression of comradely *esprit de corps*, of young people exhilarated by their arm-in-arm intimacy, more proud and happy than violent, and eager to explain to Americans they encountered on the streets that they were not against America but against Kishi.

As the students and laborers were joined in the daily demonstrations by large groups of professors, white collar workers, entertainers and assorted professional people, and as virtually all of the country's newspapers began to clamor for Kishi's resignation, an aura of unreality settled over Tokyo. Nobody seemed to understand exactly what was going on, but everyone was quick with his opinions. I had the strange sense that a great flood of irrationality had inundated the city, affecting Japanese and Americans alike, and lending a combination of extraordinary excitement and confusion to the atmosphere.

There was, of course, a kernel of truth in the then official American explanation, that all of this had been skillfully engineered by Communist elements. The Communists did do a good deal to agitate, organize and keep things going. Yet this "devil theory," this reduction of all the complexities of human behavior to the distorted focus of the Communist-anti-Communist polarity, was,

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as an explanation of these events, pitifully inadequate and deeply misleading.

The explanations one heard from Japanese intellectuals usually did not satisfy either. The intellectuals were likely simply to focus upon the resentment against Kishi, and to emphasize (like the demonstrators I mentioned) that it was *only* Kishi who was resented, and not America. But after a while one began to suspect that they were protesting too much regarding America, for there *was* considerable resentment of America: resentment derived from such sources as the war and the occupation, the fear that military entanglements with America would involve them again in war (a fear reinforced by the U-2 incident and the Summit failure), and the conviction that Japanese foreign policy had been oriented too much in the direction of America. It was, however, an ambivalent resentment: there was (and still is) much good will for America even among the intellectuals; this is partly why they went to such great pains to deny their resentment. Moreover, the Japanese frequently seemed to be leaning on a "devil theory" of their own when they focused virtually all their hostility upon Kishi himself, a man who did not seem to possess sufficient stature to be worthy of such enormous hostility.

One Japanese psychologist offered the opinion that Kishi stood for "the father" against whom so many Japanese were rebelling; a psychiatrist thought that Kishi was the "mother figure" upon whom Japanese are apt to be so dependent and whom they therefore blame for all their misfortunes. There may be some truth in what the psychologist and the psychiatrist said; a national leader can assume these symbolic roles, particularly in moments of crisis. I would prefer, however, to put the matter in a more general historical perspective: I had the impression that Kishi had come to stand for all that the Japanese condemned in their own past. Rather than representing a particular parent figure, he had become *a symbol of the evil past* from which everyone wished to dissociate himself. The psychological struggle was bound to be painful because emotional remnants of this past inevitably must reside within each individual Japanese, even the most outspoken rebel, and these individual emotional remnants are by far the most difficult to sweep away.

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The sense of the past as evil can occur in any rapidly changing culture, but in Japan, where reckless militarism only recently made so tragic a caricature of Japanese tradition, it is particularly strong. And one should not lose sight of the fact that Kishi's own past made him a good candidate for this kind of personal symbol: he had been a prominent member of the prewar and wartime Fascist cabinets, and he was considered a war criminal during the immediate post-war period. Kishi, in this symbolic role, became a target for a wide variety of displaced hostilities, and no one could rest until he had resigned.

In this light the claim of Japanese youth and intellectuals that they participated in the demonstrations to preserve democracy, a claim that many Americans found paradoxical, takes on more meaning. For without saying so they were defining democracy in terms of attitude and even of character, as well as of external forms, and by these standards a man of Kishi's generation and of his particular background hardly could be looked upon as democratic. Therefore in a crisis, especially one in which he made use of the police within the Diet—this for the Japanese a hateful reminder of physical coercion and thought control in the past—almost everyone was quite ready to pounce upon him in the name of democracy. We in America are used to permitting all kinds of maneuvers as long as the forms of democracy are maintained; but the Japanese, as relatively new converts to democracy, often look upon it in more idealized terms.

During one discussion in which I participated, an American, who held a more or less standard American view of the demonstrations, challenged a group of Japanese intellectuals to tell him in what way Kishi had violated the law that night of May 19. The Japanese reviewed Kishi's behavior—his request for a prolongation of the Diet session to allow for additional consideration of the Security Treaty, and then his sudden call one minute later for a quick vote on the measure; they thought this was two-faced behavior, but they could not find any illegality. Finally one of them said quietly, "It was as if the Japanese people knew *by instinct* that something was wrong in what happened that night." Here was the Eastern reliance on feeling-tone in conflict with Western logic and legalism. The Japanese, when pressed on the point, were willing to recognize

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the Socialists' undemocratic behavior in trying physically to prevent the speaker from assuming the rostrum, but they were quick to point out that this was not as dangerous to Japan as Kishi's maneuvers since the Socialists were a minority without control of any of the government sources of power. Here was the modern Japanese intellectuals' traditional watchdog opposition to the party in power; their guilty awareness that they had ceased to maintain this stance during the prewar hysteria seemed to make them all the more determined to maintain it now. Moreover, Japanese intellectuals constantly stress the ties between some Liberal Democrats and the ultrarightists (still a force to contend with in Japan), and they also point out that the prewar police state was built up under a facade of parliamentary democracy. Largely because of past abuses, intellectuals, students and many among the general population have developed an exaggerated sensitivity to government authority, and a general feeling that in any confrontation the police are always in the wrong.

While all of these factors are important, I believe they are part of a greater theme—the broad social revolution that is taking place throughout the non-Western world. Some people observing the scene of the demonstrations in Tokyo commented that it reminded them of prerevolutionary Russia, and others said that it looked like Weimar Germany; certainly there was something of a revolutionary feeling in the air, even though there never appeared to be a possibility of a genuine political revolution. I think the crisis was part of the general movement among non-Western countries toward psychological as well as material entry into the modern world, a movement that began during the last half of the nineteenth century (in Japan just before the Meiji Restoration) and that has reached its greatest momentum during the postwar years. At the time of the demonstrations this social revolution had become reinforced by a consuming fear of war and militarism, a powerful urge toward neutralism, a desire for closer contact with other Asian countries along with greater separation from the United States, and an effort to salvage some form of belief and pattern for action from the wreckage of postwar disillusionment.

Youth has been playing the radical role it usually plays in such a social revolution, even as it did to a considerable extent during

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the early Meiji era. Both the youth movement and the social revolution itself in Japan can go either in a moderate direction or in the direction of totalist extremism. But surely they cannot be wished away, nor can we, nor anyone else, afford to ignore them—yet this is precisely what America seemed at times to be doing.

Having known only the rightist forms of extremism, Japanese intellectuals tend to be insufficiently aware of the dangers that could confront them from the extreme left. And there is something quite disturbing about the way Japanese intellectuals, young and old, so often are dazzled by Marxist-Leninist abstractions. Yet I feel that the majority of Japanese youth and older intellectuals are not so different in many of their aspirations from the majority of youth and intellectuals everywhere; if they could find a path to peace and disarmament and a pattern of social progress that would enable them to retain their individual freedom, they could be quite capable of choosing this "open" direction—despite the lingering emotional appeal of totalism.

I have suggested a distinction between Japanese students with totalist psychological tendencies and those with more moderate inclinations. Let me now describe a composite representative of each of these two groups.

The totalist is best exemplified by a hard-core member of the mainstream of Zengakuren. He (or she) cannot be recognized at first glance. When you meet him, he is as friendly and polite as the next fellow; his eyes may seem to show a special intensity, but so do the eyes of many Japanese youth, and you wonder whether because you know what he stands for you are imagining this intensity. He is likely to have come from a middle-class background, and to have shown some tendency as a child toward leadership (although not necessarily a particularly strong political interest). His political radicalism is apt to have taken shape during his first two years at the University. The strongest influences in shaping it were probably the dormitory life during his freshman and sophomore years and the theoretical Marxism of some of his favorite professors (although he, of course, reserves the right to go further than these professors in the radicalism of his thought and action).

Marxist ideology nourishes him emotionally, as do the endless

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meetings, discussions and demonstrations that he attends. He aspires to a pure form of communism, to a kind of classless society not yet achieved anywhere. He does not consider himself precisely Trotskyite, although he is frequently so called by newspapers and especially by the rival antimainstream group. But he does favor revolution of the workers everywhere to bring about this classless society. He is disdainful of Russia (a "reactionary" example of "state capitalism"), and especially of Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence. China seems to him to be the best and the freest of the Communist countries, but still not communist enough. He can think of no Japanese political party that adequately represents his beliefs: the Liberal-Democrats are hopeless; the Communists are controlled by outside forces; the Socialists are too conciliatory. And besides, none of them can really be trusted. Japan needs, he believes, a new party formed from his own organization. Once he begins to describe his political views, you feel the closed-circuit logic taking over. There is no nonsense about his categories. For instance, if you ask him what he thinks Japan would or should do in this or that situation, he is likely to stop you short and explain that one cannot really speak of "Japan," one must speak of the "exploiting classes" (the capitalists and the bourgeoisie) and the "oppressed classes" (the workers).

His self-contained logic includes the logic of tactics. He will admit disingenuously that he and his comrades had planned to storm the Diet on the night of June 15, even though some of the students' defenders had said earlier that the Zengakuren had intended to remain orderly and had only resorted to violence when attacked by rightists. (It was in this foray that the demonstrations claimed their one death, and the girl killed was a member of this same Zengakuren mainstream.) He and his comrades, he will explain, wished to hold a meeting of their own inside the Diet, as they had on previous occasions, as a symbolic gesture. He opposes the Security Treaty less for its tie with America or for its military nature than for its "strengthening" of the designs of the "exploiting classes" both within Japan itself and in future imperialistic ventures. He has nothing in particular against America, and he will remind you that it was the antimainstream element of the Zengakuren that was responsible for the Hagerty incident.

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When you have talked to him for a while you will be struck by certain words, apart from the standard Communist phrases, that he keeps using. He is especially fond of *reality, scientific, the facts, progressive.* It seems no accident that these are precisely what semanticists have found to be "god words" of our modern world; they are the expression of a mystical scientism that afflicts us all, and especially of the "sacred science" that is always a prominent characteristic of ideological totalism.

The mood of this Zengakuren activist is often extreme and desperate, but sometimes confident and even gay; his ability to pursue actively his sweeping goals gives him a sense of purpose, of group unity and of power. In his special combination of ideology and identity he has found an all-embracing solution to life's problems, a totalist way that allows expression for his profound rebellion, a highly moralistic cause that can absorb both the hostility and the guilt that must accompany such a rebellion; he has found a means of attacking what he most hates in his own past while at the same time feeling himself to be—as part of an organization unique to his country and centered in his country's universities—wholly Japanese. His numbers in Japan are relatively few; but wherever he exists, he leads others.

The more moderate student cannot necessarily be distinguished by dress or facial expression from the Zengakuren activist. But as one talks to him the distinctions soon become apparent enough. Just as the Zengakuren student is certain about everything (or at least appears to be), so the moderate student is searching, confused and worried. And nowhere is he more searching, confused and worried than in his concern about "democracy." Also from a middle-class background, less likely than his activist Zengakuren counterpart to have shown signs of leadership, he belongs more to the rank and file. There are, of course, among his numbers students of outstanding ability, academic and otherwise, but they do not become student leaders, at least not at the present time. Every question raised with the moderate student remains open and remains troublesome. He is worried about Japanese politics, about the "bossism" and old-fashioned machinations of the Liberal Democratic Party. These to his eyes are far from democratic and offer little promise for Japan in the future. But ask him what does offer promise and

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you are met with a shake of the head; he does not know, and this worries him. He is passionately concerned about peace, and therefore deeply troubled about the Security Pact; he tends to look critically upon it, and either may oppose it outright or favor additional modification, in the direction of shorter tenure and gradual dissolution. He is worried about Japan's relationship with America. He feels that Japan's ruling party has been too tied to America, although he knows that Japan needs America and although he tends to like individual Americans in so far as he knows them.

His attitude toward Communism is especially tortured: he sees in it danger to individual freedom and he would prefer an alternative; but at the same time there is something in its moralistic stance that constantly challenges him. That is, when his friends espouse either standard Communism or the "pure communism" of the mainstream Zengakuren group, he wonders whether they are being more self-sacrificing, more noble, more dedicated than he. Above all, he wonders whether he is not guilty of trying to "escape from reality." He shares with these friends a good deal of resentment of his country's past, a considerable involvement in the conflict of generations and a hatred for Japan's big capitalists, the resuscitated *zaibatsu*. His political tendencies are in the direction of democratic socialism; he is likely to admire, for instance, the British Labor Party. And his emotional predilections are toward moderation, compromise, conciliation; he is by no means free of totalist yearnings, but he resists these and tries to avoid all extremism. Therefore he frequently criticizes the extremism of both factions of the Zengakuren; yet in a crisis, a situation where he strongly opposes official government policy, he is likely to follow one of these factions. For he needs leadership badly and he can find it nowhere else.

He, too, is part of the general Asian social revolution, but he finds no ready outlet for his resentments and his feelings of guilt. In his very efforts to be moderate, to lead a balanced life, to be interested in mild pleasures or intellectual diversions, he may find additional sources of guilt and shame as he again wonders whether he is being less of a man than his activist Zengakuren friends. To be sure, there are among his large numbers many who do not worry about such things, who enjoy their drinking, mountain climbing

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and reading without much thought about either stream of the Zengakuren or about politics in general. But even they, at moments of crisis, are apt to become "engaged"; and if they do not, they are ignored and considered of little consequence. Even the most moderate of Japanese students is likely to have a strong aversion to existing authority and to the authority of his recent past. His moderation is distinctly, at least by American standards, left-oriented; his struggles with identity and ideology are active and confusing; he remains open-minded in his ideas, fluid in his sense of self. And he carries within him all of the pain and satisfaction of such open-mindedness and fluidity.

Significant as these differences are, the totalist and the moderate student possess much in common. Both experience conflicts resulting from the psychological and cultural influences that play upon any Japanese youth at this historical juncture.

First, there is the much talked of problem of individualism, which in this case I would prefer to call *self-expression via the group*. Observing some activist Zengakuren groups in their demonstrations, one is reminded of the writings of Le Bon and Freud on the tendency of people who are ordinarily restrained as individuals to explode collectively in group expressions of primitive hostility and power. Asians are, of course, like everyone else, subject to this tendency, but there is more to be said about their group behavior. For relatively organized groups are much more important in the life of Japanese, including young Japanese, than they are in the case of most Westerners. The young writer, for instance, who wants to develop his art and achieve a reputation, rarely goes it alone; he forms or joins a group of eight, ten or fifteen young writers like himself, who stand, or come to stand, for certain general literary principles. The Japanese needs the group more than the Westerner, largely because of his traditional relationship to it both within and without the family, and because of the traditional stress upon the individual's powerlessness. At the same time the young Japanese intellectual is powerfully drawn to the *ideal* of democratic individualism, an ideal that exerts enormous effect upon his actions—however much it may conflict with his more traditional emotional urges.

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It is in his attempt to reconcile these two conflicting tendencies that he seeks some form of individualized self-expression via the group. But such an individual-group equilibrium is not easily achieved, and one gains the distinct impression that group-determined ideas and emotions, strongly influenced by the group's leading figures, greatly predominate over any individualized patterns. One rarely meets a Japanese, young or old, who expresses a genuinely idiosyncratic point of view, an individually arrived at set of convictions not held by any existing group. There is an added problem created by mass communications, which, I believe, hold a special fascination for Asians, in that they tend to promote a form of "personality cult" in which the individual is lionized in relationship to the group that he is considered to represent. About this problem, as about so many others, I believe that we must learn to think in terms of new combinations taking place.

Another phenomenon that strikes one in Japan (and I think it exists throughout Asia) is the special aura surrounding the idea of youth. To be sure, seniority-dominated social patterns persist, but newspaper commentators take special delight in contrasting tired and aging Japanese politicians with the youthful, energetic John Kennedy (indeed, much of the "Kennedy boom" that swept Japan immediately after his nomination for the Presidency can be specifically attributed to this fascination with his youthfulness). The current youth upsurge is, therefore, a powerful reaction, much like that we witnessed in China during the years between the two World Wars, against the traditional old-age-centered patterns. And in this reversal youth seems to have become the center of romantic admiration. Even the excesses of young people, while not necessarily condoned, are apt to be looked upon sympathetically as expressions of youthful purity and sincerity. Here, too, there are certain echoes of tradition, but there is also a society's unspoken expectation that in a time of rapid change youth will somehow show the way.

In addition to this romanticism toward youth, there is in all Japanese behavior a special relationship, a continuing struggle, between "sentimentalism" and "logic." Historically the former often has allied itself with excessive emotionalism and with the totalist quest for ideological purity: in the overzealous self-flagella-

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tion of early Japanese Christians to the point of embarrassing their missionary mentors; in the prewar fanaticism of the "young officer" cliques; in the government-sponsored wartime suicides of the *kamikaze* pilot; and now in the all-or-nothing self-surrender of the Zengakuren activist. Yet, as I have indicated, this Zengakuren activist brings to his emotionalism the rationale of twentieth-century scientism. He believes that his every step is "logical" and "necessary." Has he not become a personal battleground for this struggle between the exaggerated sentimentalism of his tradition and the exaggerated logic of those who would react against this tradition? The two tendencies are, of course, related mysticisms, but at least one Japanese writer, Fumio Masutani, thinks there is no doubt but that the old one always wins out:

> [The Japanese] . . . while able to think and interested in rational thought, have not the courage to carry their reasoning through to the end. They give up mid-way, and take cover under a misty emotionalism. They esteem the logical way of thinking, yet dislike too much of it. Time and again, they stray off the path of reason into a fog of sentimentality where they rejoice, weep, or enjoy the bitterness of sorrow to their heart's content.

Masutani is perhaps a little harsh in his judgment of his own people; in any case, the problem is hardly limited to the Japanese. Moreover, one does find a continuing quest for a balance between reason and sentiment in the moderate group of youth I have described, and in many others in Japan as well. Yet one can say that the Japanese have particular difficulty in achieving such a balance.

Finally, there is the all-pervading Japanese obsession with China. One hears much about the attitude of middle-aged Japanese intellectuals toward China, of their profound guilt over Japan's recent abuse of its great historical mentor, and of the yearning among many of them to resume a stance of discipleship in relation to China. In younger people there is a good deal less of this guilt but an equally strong attraction. A young artist put it this way to me: "China to us is *continental* . . . big, profound, wide. We Japanese live on islands, which makes us feel small and narrow—like a small lake compared to the great wave of an ocean." Most do not express it so lyrically, but a great many hold an equally romanticized image of China. They profess, and sincerely, I believe, to

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know nothing of the repressive aspects of Chinese thought reform, and see only the hope that China seems to offer for youth. And I have heard young Japanese describe Chinese people in general as more balanced, less emotional, on the whole more admirable in character than themselves. The question is complicated, but the signs are clear that the young people crave more intimacy in the perennial love-hate relationship between Japan and China. A vitally important factor in this craving is their conviction, right or wrong, that Chinese youth possess a *sense of connection* with the leadership of their own society, something for which Japanese youth appear ready to give up a great deal.

What strikes me about all of these cultural and psychological patterns is the simultaneous strength of inertia and flux. Japan is a country in which the emotional forces of tradition, and the rebellion against tradition, are both particularly strong. Here, as in so many other ways, the Japanese bring special intensity to a phenomenon that is universal. What is too often forgotten is that this phenomenon, this coexistence of strong tendencies toward inertia and flux, applies to individual character as well as to broader social and political currents. Japanese youth resemble their parents more than they realize, but their personal development is also profoundly affected by forces emanating from America, Russia and China. In fact, the more I study problems of individual character in relation to historical change, the more I am struck by the necessity of avoiding static labels and of seeing even the most basic and long-standing psychological tendencies primarily in relation to the *direction in which they are moving*. In evolving this direction, Japanese youth—like youth everywhere—are finding old emotions, tenacious though they are, to be increasingly unreliable guideposts.

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Washing

RANDALL JARRELL

On days like these
What doesn't blow away will freeze.
The washing flops on the line
In absolute torment—
And when the wind dies for a moment
The washing has the collapsed abject
Look of the sack of skin
Michelangelo made himself in his *Last Judgment*.

Its agonies
Are heartfelt as a sneeze.

When Mama wrung a chicken's
Neck, the body rushed around
And around and around the yard in circles.
The circles weren't its own idea
But it went on with them as if it would never stop.
It was dead—nevertheless it moved.
The expressions of its body were intense,
Immense
As this *Help! Help! Help!*
The reeling washing shrieks to someone, Someone.

But—as old hens like to say—
The world isn't chickenhearted.
The washing inhabits a universe
Indifferent to the woes of washing,
A world—as the washing puts it—
A world that washing never made.

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Beyond Nuclear Physics

M. STANLEY LIVINGSTON

IT IS A PARADOX OF MODERN SCIENCE that the largest and most costly research instruments are required for the study of the smallest particles known to man. The particles are the protons, neutrons and electrons that compose matter. The field of their study, which is one of the most challenging, most popular and fastest-growing research fields today, is known as "Particle Physics." One may argue with justification that it is the most basic research field in the physical sciences. Its purpose is to investigate the basic composition of matter and to develop theoretical understanding of the origin and properties of nuclear forces. The instruments that make this study possible are particle accelerators, machines like the cosmotron at Brookhaven National Laboratory that produce concentrated, intense beams of high-energy particles.

The costs of construction of these enormous modern accelerators run into tens of millions of dollars, and some of the machines now being planned may cost over a hundred million each. Such funds can be provided only by governments. The massive scale of support required for this area of research science is a subject of real concern to the scientists and the government officials responsible for planning and support. Whether the scientific results will justify continued expansion and increased financial backing can be answered only in the future. It is clear, however, that national prestige comes in part from leadership in such well-publicized fields of science, with its concomitant propaganda value in the cold war. So high-

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energy accelerators and particle physics have become the concern of governments; their planning and support are now part of national policy.

The public is aware of particle accelerators and their work because the instruments were first used for the study of nuclear physics, the area of physics concerned with the forces that bind protons and neutrons together into nuclei. (In particular cases these forces can release enormous amounts of energy, as in nuclear fission and nuclear fusion.) The "atom-smashers," as they are known in the public press, have been essential in the development of atomic and hydrogen bombs and nuclear reactors for the production of power and in the production of radioactive tracer isotopes for use in medicine and other sciences.

The concentrated, intense beams of high-energy particles (protons, deuterons, electrons, et cetera) that the accelerators produce have been used as probes to study the properties of atomic nuclei. When such high-speed particles penetrate nuclei and are scattered, studies of the numbers scattered at different angles can give information on the size, the electric charge, the magnetic characteristics and other properties of the nucleus. Such projectiles can readily disintegrate nuclei, forming new types of nuclei, some of which are unstable and decay radioactively into still other forms. Hundreds of new nuclear species that do not occur in nature have been formed. The binding forces between the neutrons and protons (collectively known as "nucleons") of which nuclei are formed have been measured and have led to empirical theories of nuclear stability.

Particle physics goes beyond the range of interest of nuclear physics. It is the study of the properties of the individual nucleons and electrons. One purpose is to find the internal structure of nucleons, if such a structure exists, and the laws of force that make these the only stable forms of matter. For such studies the tools must be extremely "sharp," which means that the bombarding particles must be of extremely high energy. To disrupt and otherwise affect the fundamental particles, the bombarding particles must have energies of many billions of electron volts. So studies in the field of particle physics require super-energy accelerators.

These studies started with a theory, the "Yukawa" theory of

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nuclear forces; and a few basic laws of nature known with as much certainty as is possible in science set the boundary conditions. One of these is the law of the conservation of total energy in any particle interaction, in which the total energy includes the energy equivalent of mass following Einstein's famous relation: $E = mc^2$. Another is the law of the conservation of momentum, which makes it possible to determine the mass values of scattered particles from the angles of scattering. Angular momentum (or spin) is also conserved in any interaction and can be correlated with the magnetic properties of the spinning particles. Still other "conservation laws" have been found to apply to all fundamental particle interactions so far observed.

The Yukawa theory of nuclear forces was based on an analogy to the well-established electromagnetic theory of radiation, concerning the phenomena where electric charges produce the electromagnetic waves called light. In the electromagnetic theory each charge is assumed to be continuously emitting and reabsorbing a type of radiation (light). This creates around the charge a "field of force" (the electromagnetic field) that follows the "inverse-square" law of force and results in charges of the same sign being repelled and those of opposite sign being attracted. Similarly, Yukawa assumed that nucleons are continuously emitting and reabsorbing another type of radiation that creates the nuclear force field that binds nucleons together.

The properties of the Yukawa radiation could be roughly evaluated from the known sizes of and binding forces in nuclei, and they were quite different from those of the electromagnetic radiation. The radiation required had to have a rest-mass (light has zero rest-mass) intermediate between the mass of the electron and that of the proton or neutron; so it was given the name "meson" (from the Greek for intermediate) and was called a particle rather than a radiation. We can visualize each nucleon as surrounded by a cloud (or field) of mesons, of both positive and negative charge. The binding forces between nucleons, which hold them so tightly together, are owing to the overlapping of these meson fields. If the theory is correct, a sufficiently high-energy impact should be able to shake loose these mesons, so that they would fly out as distinct, separate particles. The bombarding energy required would be that

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needed to create the rest-mass of the meson plus the kinetic energy of the several particle products. The threshold bombarding energy at which mesons could be created should occur for protons at about 220-Mev (million electron volt) energy, for example. In other words, the Yukawa theory predicted the possibility of producing a new class of particles that was at that time unknown.

Meanwhile, studies of the nature of the "penetrating" rays in cosmic radiation showed a group of particles of intermediate mass. Although the mass was close to that predicted by theory for the meson, other properties were in serious disagreement. These particles were so highly penetrating in matter, and their rate of interaction with nucleons so small, that they could not possibly be the "nuclear glue" responsible for the nucleon-nucleon forces. Theorists concluded that there must be still another type of meson.

The search continued, and soon another class of particles was observed, of slightly larger rest-mass but with a very short life; these "π-mesons" decayed spontaneously after about 2×10^{-8} seconds into the somewhat lighter penetrating particles which were called "μ-mesons" or "muons." Another particle (or radiation) is emitted, called a "neutrino," which has zero rest-mass but which shares the excess kinetic energy with the product particle and maintains conservation of momentum and energy in the process. The decay chain continues and the muon itself decays after about 2×10^{-6} seconds into an electron and again a neutrino is emitted. The muon is basically a "heavy" electron that has only electromagnetic interactions, and it does not seem to be involved directly in nuclear forces.

These early results were notable support for the Yukawa theory. It seemed that at least some of the fundamental postulates of the theory of nuclear forces must be valid. But far more information was needed to unravel the mysteries, and it was clear that nucleon processes were far more complex than conceived in the Yukawa theory.

The early accelerators so useful in nuclear physics, such as the cyclotron, were limited in energy to about 20 Mev, and so were incapable of producing mesons. Following World War II when scientists returned to their research laboratories, a new concept for acceleration of particles was proposed, utilizing the principle of

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synchronous acceleration of particles in circular orbits, which is analogous to the principle of the synchronous electric motor. This principle made it possible to build circular magnetic accelerators of much larger diameter and capable of producing higher energy particles. Two classes of synchronous machines were rapidly developed. By 1948 several "synchrocyclotrons" were able to produce protons of up to 450-Mev energy; also electron "synchrotrons" were producing electrons (and the resulting γ-rays) of 350 Mev. Electron "linear" accelerators also were developed to produce electron beams of several hundred Mev.

These machines were capable of producing mesons, and they were promptly put to use to explore the properties of the new particles. When energies above the meson threshold were used for bombardment the yields of mesons were found to increase, but not proportionately, indicating complexities in the production process not anticipated in the early theory. Still higher energy machines became essential for developing and testing new theories.

The next generation of accelerators was the "proton synchrotrons," which were a more sophisticated application of the principle of synchronous acceleration, and which generated multibillion-volt energies. The first to come into operation was the "cosmotron" at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, which produced 3-Bev (billion electron volt) protons in 1952. With these much higher energy protons, studies of π-meson production showed several peaks or "resonances" as bombarding energy was increased, which stimulated a new burst of activity from theoretical physicists to incorporate this new evidence into the theory. Another class of mesons was observed (K-mesons) with still larger rest-mass and even shorter lifetimes; these were observed to decay into π-mesons and other light fragments. Then the "bevatron" at the University of California reached 6-Bev energy in 1954. For the first time energies were available capable of producing particles heavier than nucleons; these particles were given the name "hyperons" and were found in three different types: "lambdas," "sigmas" and "xis." These hyperons were found to decay into nucleons and lighter particles. Here, as for the formation of mesons, the extra mass to form these heavy particles is supplied by the energy of the bombarding particles.

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The most exciting of the discoveries with the new multi-Bev accelerators was the observation of "anti-particles." The first anti-particle, the positive electron or "positron," had been observed in cosmic rays in 1932, and its properties are known and have been assimilated in the theories. When such a positron is slowed down and strikes a normal negative electron the two particles annihilate each other with the emission of the total mass energy (1 Mev) in the form of gamma radiation. Scientists anticipated a similar anti-proton, which would have a negative charge but would be identical in all other properties with the stable positively-charged proton. For such a particle to be produced the bombarding energy would have to be sufficient to create a pair of particles of nucleonic mass.

The first accelerator with energy sufficient to make anti-nucleons was the 6-Bev bevatron at the University of California. As soon as the necessary apparatus for identifying and detecting such particles was prepared, the negative proton was found. Further studies led to the observation of anti-neutrons. This anti-neutron also has zero charge, but it differs from the normal neutron in some very fundamental ways. Both anti-nucleons ultimately annihilate a normal nucleon, once they slow down sufficiently for the reaction to occur. The energy released is the total mass energy of two nucleons, or nearly 2 Bev, which can be observed as a "star" of high-energy recoiling fragments from the nucleus in which the event takes place. This energy release of nearly 1 Bev per nucleon is a thousand times greater than the energy release per nucleon in uranium fission. Such anti-particles are truly "out of this world."

Meanwhile, observations on mesons and hyperons showed that each type of particle could be produced in two forms, a normal and an anti-particle. The anti-particles' unusual property of incompatibility with normal particles has led to their present name, "strange" particles. The number of normal and strange particles and radiations that have been identified, and for which the rest-mass values and other basic properties are reasonably well known (or can be inferred), totals 30. These include 14 pairs of particles and anti-particles, one π^0-meson that is its own anti-particle, and the well-known electromagnetic γ-ray. Of these, the only ones that exist as stable particles in nature are three: the proton, neutron and electron. Two types have zero rest-mass, the γ-ray and the neutrinos,

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and they are often described as "radiations" rather than particles. The new particles can be described as "excited states" of the stable particles, in which the excitation energy is present in the guise of excess mass. This concept of excited states parallels the concept used in atomic physics, where the displacement of an extra-nuclear electron into a higher energy state (or larger orbit) is called excitation, and in which the excitation energy is released in the form of light or X-rays when the electron falls back into the stable energy state.

The array of particles and anti-particles forms a symmetrical set. A semi-empirical theoretical analysis suggests that the number known at present is just sufficient to complete a closed set in which there are two degrees of "strangeness," identified by the "strangeness quantum numbers" ± 1 and ± 2. In this array the stable particles have a strangeness number of $+1$. Production interactions or decay interactions that have the highest yields and shortest interaction times are those for which the strangeness number total for the several particles involved does not change (is "conserved"). These observations suggest some of the criteria that must be satisfied by a correct theory of particle structure. But present empirical theories do not satisfy scientists. For further progress they need detailed measurements of the properties of each particle, and surveys to make certain that every possible phenomenon has been observed. Many more years of experiments and calculations will be required before a valid theory of matter can be established. It may even be possible that the conception and understanding of a complete and valid theory is beyond the capacity of the human mind.

The latest generation of accelerators, capable of energies five to ten times higher than the cosmotron or bevatron, are just coming into operation. These are the "alternating gradient," or AG, machines, which use a new principle of magnetic focusing to confine the particles moving in circular orbits into doughnut-shaped vacuum chambers of very small cross section. The width of the magnet poles can be considerably narrower, so the magnets can be of smaller cross section. It becomes economically practical to extend the ring of magnets around much larger orbits and so to achieve higher energies. Two large AG proton synchrotrons were completed in 1960, one at the CERN international laboratory at

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Geneva, which produces 28 Bev protons, and the "AGS" at the Brookhaven Laboratory, which holds the world's energy record at 32 Bev. Several electron synchrotrons using this principle are also under construction, of which the most advanced is the Cambridge Electron Accelerator, sponsored by Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University, for 6 Bev electrons, which will be five times higher energy than any existing electron accelerator. These are tremendous engineering projects and represent the acme of the accelerator art. The Brookhaven machine is a half mile in circumference, located in an underground circular tunnel to provide shielding for the penetrating radiations. It requires a staff of over two hundred persons for maintenance and operation.

The two large AG proton synchrotrons have been in operation for only a short time, and the experimental programs are barely started. Preliminary results show, however, that the yield of strange particles is considerably greater at these bombarding energies than was anticipated theoretically. Anti-protons and anti-neutrons are being produced in large numbers. Further studies will add greatly to our knowledge of anti-matter and of the many other aspects of this rapidly broadening field of particle physics. Theorists are waiting anxiously for the new data to guide them in their next steps toward a more complete theory.

But this may be only a beginning. Scientists are already visualizing the need for still higher energies, and accelerator designers are matching these visions with conceptual designs for still higher energy accelerators. Plans are underway in the Soviet Union for a machine to produce 70-Bev protons. Designs have been started in the United States for a machine of 300-Bev or higher, based on the principle of the AG proton synchrotron.

So this is what lies beyond nuclear physics—the nature of matter itself. We are just at the threshold of exciting new discoveries about the fundamental particles of which the world is composed. Our purpose is knowledge for its own sake—no known practical applications are involved. If in the future, however, some useful application to human needs comes from these beginnings, it will only be repeating our past experience and again will justify our faith in the ultimate utility of basic research and the search for knowledge.

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At This Unlikely Hour

MELVILLE CANE

Embers crumble
Mauve to ashen,
Dust of passion
Snows the hearth.

Now the hearth's a grave,
Save for an unsuspected spark
That lurks and circumvents the dark,
And bursts to flower
At this unlikely hour.

✪ MELVILLE CANE, lawyer and poet whose poetry has appeared many times in the SCHOLAR, is the author of *And Pastures New, Making a Poem, A Wider Arc* and *Bullet-Hunting and Other New Poems.*

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Waters of the New World

JAN DE HARTOG

The Eternal Flame

THE night after we crossed the border into Louisiana we were fortunate in our mooring. After a long, arduous day's journey on the Intracoastal Waterway in a strong side wind that blew the many tows of empty barges across the channel, turning navigation into a game of giant dodg'ems, we arrived at the little slip we had picked out on the chart: a mooring alongside some oil storage tanks in a short channel between the waterway and a big expanse of water called Sweet Lake.

Inside the lake the chart showed a number of crosses that stood for wells; when we arrived that night at dusk I saw across the silver expanse of one of the most romantic lakes I had ever seen the spidery towers of oil derricks, the low dotted lines of the jetties that linked them and, in the heart of their sparse steel forest, the caged bird of a fluttering flame. I had seen similar flames all over Texas; I did not quite know what they stood for or what their function was; all I knew was that they went with oil wells.

The storage tanks alongside which we moored were, as was usual in these slips along the Waterway, beautifully kept in silver paint and they stood in a lawn that would have graced a mansion. There were paved walks from tank to tank; a little road of flagstones crossed the lawn from the jetty to the low, innocent jungle beyond. Birds came to see us at once with an expectancy that proved that many bargees had fed them during their lonely evenings in the wilderness. We crumbled loaves, chopped nuts and had started to cut cheese cubes, bite-size for a grackle, when darkness fell. There were only two birds among the crowd who refused

✪ JAN DE HARTOG, born in Holland in 1914, has divided his life between the sea and writing. He is known in the United States for his books, *The Lost Sea, The Distant Shore, The Little Ark, A Sailor's Life, The Spiral Road* and *The Inspector,* and for his plays, *The Fourposter and Skipper Next to God.* These sketches will be part of a book entitled *Waters of the New World* to be published by Atheneum in 1961.

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to have their food cut up for them and sprinkled on the lawn: a couple of night hawks who swooped and circled overhead, squawking angrily, looking like miniature warplanes with the round white markings under their wings. When it became too dark to see even them, we turned in.

To be awakened by the dawn, I had, during the trip, taken to leaving the curtains of my cabin open, and that night, despite the quiet, pleasant mooring, I could not fall asleep. On the ceiling there quivered, reflected by the water, the restless flame across the lake. After watching for a while the play of light and shadow on the ceiling, I got up and looked out of the porthole.

In the heart of the darkness the giant candle flame, much brighter now, was dancing and flickering, tugging at its wick; across the lake lay the restless path of its reflection. I stood staring at it, and thought of other flames: the one underneath the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and others in the capitals of the world. "Eternal flames" man called them in his odd conception of time. Since the solemn burial of the first of those unknown soldiers other wars had been fought, more cruel than the first; of the millions who had earnestly listened to the cry, "Lest We Forget!" thirty years ago, only a diminishing band of cantankerous men with old banners and withered slogans was left to remember. After the last senile quarreler's death, Eternity would have come to an end.

While looking across this black lake in the heart of Louisiana at the flame dancing in the darkness, I reflected that if there were life on other planets, further advanced than ours, the first sign to the observer in outer space of the birth of intelligence on our globe would have been the pinpricks of light from man's first campfires in the darkness. It must have been a fascinating sight, the beginning of a story of suspense. If they were watching us now, it would still be this flame they were watching; for although it leaped from log to furnace, from furnace to derrick, from derrick to atomic pile, it was the same flame of man's quest for knowledge, precariously caged in the great darkness.

I stopped mourning the short eternity of man's memory, and gazed at the puny candle flame of his courage in the interstellar night with a feeling of hope.

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Forked Island

We did not travel on Sundays, and never quite knew where we would moor for the weekend, for many unknown factors could slow or speed up our progress along the Intracoastal Waterway. This particular weekend we had hoped to spend at Intracoastal City, Louisiana, but we did not get that far. We moored on Saturday afternoon in a small oil slip near a village called Forked Island, just off the waterway.

The oil slip was surrounded by surly men in overalls and cowboy hats. A fat foreman came out of an office and strolled toward us, behaving as if the men were not there. There was an odd tension in the air; the foreman's steps on the gravel sounded loud and so did the buzzing of the bees; if I had closed my eyes, I could have taken him for a stroller in a summer garden. He came closer than was necessary and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Scram, cap. There's a strike on. This place is picketed, and they ain't in a kidding mood."

"We are looking for a weekend mooring," I said.

The foreman shook his head. "Nix," he said. "You get out of here, fast. There's a tanker coming to load them tanks and there's going to be trouble. It'll be here any moment, so, hurry back now." He said the Southern greeting with a sour sense of humor. As he turned around to go back to his office, I saw a revolver in a holster dangling from his belt.

Before reaching the oil slip, I had spotted a narrow dead-end canal leading off the waterway, with a couple of old barges in it that seemed to be laid up. I backed out of the little harbor under the stares of the silent men and went back half a mile the way we had come, to nose gingerly into the dead-end channel. The barges were old indeed: their decks had been patched up with concrete as a last resort before they were abandoned. After I had moored alongside one of them and cut the engine, I went down into the engine room to turn off the automatic alarm that started ringing as the oil pressure fell; in the sudden silence I heard through the open hatch the song of a bird.

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It was melodious and yet quite wild—the song a skylark might sing once it is out of earshot. I stood there listening, while the small noises of cooling water and hot metal growing cold bubbled and cracked in the engine. Then I climbed back on deck, cautiously, so as not to disturb the singer, and as I looked around, my eyes on the level of the concrete deck of the old barge, I saw the graceful silhouette of an alert young snake staring at me with what seemed amazement. I swallowed, forgetting about the bird that was singing joyously in the heavy, drooping summer trees, whose foliage overhung the old barge, suddenly turned into a Roman garden. All this had been the same centuries and centuries ago, and would remain the same in centuries to come: the snake, the bird, the summer trees; I felt as if in this one moment in eternity the concentric rings of past and future had silently crossed. This was Paradise lost and Paradise regained; this was all summer gardens on earth as some distant traveler from another planet would describe them to those at home.

There sounded the blast of an airhorn close by. The little snake rustled away; the red flash of a cardinal flitted into the violet shade of the summer tree. Along the canal behind us drifted the dark silhouette of a tanker.

A Village Store

After wandering for days along the deserted bayous of Louisiana, we arrived toward nightfall at a high steel bridge. Just behind it on the port side there was a short canal leading to a nearby village.

The canal was typical of the slips that provide mooring for local craft along the Intracoastal Waterway; the village might have been called Reunion, Intracoastal City, Bolivar, Creole Ferry, Cypremort. There are thousands of these villages with factory, warehouse, city hall and village store *cum* post office.

From the water the store can be reached by rowboat only and the landing is soggy and heaped with refuse. There are flies everywhere, flies and mosquitoes, both of them hunted by little crabs

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crawling sideways with amazing speed. The oak trees shading the store are hung with the tresses of Spanish moss, as if through every tree in this tragic country Absalom had rushed a thousand times on his mad flight from retribution.

The sins of the fathers weigh heavy on this hot and tragic land. The Negroes are everywhere, and, gay and childlike as they may be, it is not their nature nor their behavior that dully enrages the poor white man; it is the past they stand for. He has been preconditioned through generations upon generations of Christian indoctrination to link the future of his soul with the irrevocable past; the Negroes' very gaiety becomes, under the brooding stare of the white sinner rocking on his porch, a taunting challenge.

On entering the village store with its greasy swing door, its buzzing flies, its dusty floor alive with fleas, you feel the stagnant electricity of latent violence. The flashes of mirrored sunlight, scything across the walls as a car passes outside, are taken for summer lightning by the stranger who feels the tension and interprets it as an approaching thunderstorm. But among the limp tresses of the Spanish moss the day is still and blue; the thunderstorm threatens inside, among the flyblown signs of "Take the Giant Economy Size" and "Rosaries 1/3 off."

On the shelves of the village store there is everything: bread, meat, toys, milk, blue jeans, shoes, patent medicines, firecrackers and the post office. There is also the common fate of black and white, inescapably intertwined in dull resentment, waiting for the next disaster, hoping it will be a hurricane. Perhaps the depth psychologists are right, and America needs a father-image, but the white sinner of the South is not assuaged by the portrait of the balding professional politician, smiling his much-urged grin between the hoes and the fishing rods behind the post office counter. The real father, the only one who can cleanse the sins of the past by chastisement, does not carry a golf club to raise the dust as he flicks a little white ball in play. The Father Absalom fears and waits for, in silence, carries the colossal limp coil of the tornado and darkens the sky with dust as He flicks the little white courthouse into the sea.

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Here God is still the wrathful father of the prophets; the New Testament's Glad Tidings have not yet reached the soul of the Deep South.

Bayous in the Rain

To sail the bayous of Louisiana is to visit the past—not the past of the Indians, the buccaneers, Jean Laffitte and Longfellow's pure girlhood, but the past that would frighten even the alligators and make the great blue heron take off, croaking, after the receding light.

The unimaginable age of the bayous does not suddenly confront the traveler; it grows on him with time. It will take him days, perhaps weeks, before the realization dawns on him that he has wandered into a prehistoric garden, overgrown with weeds. There is about the cypresses standing up to their knees in the water, about the mangroves creating the illusion of land, about the islands of water hyacinths slowly floating down the stream, silent and scentless, an inexpressible nostalgia, a static sadness, as if the whole of nature in this foreign land were mourning a lost memory. Then the first drops fall from the heavy clouds, and the traveler looks up at the sky. It is raining, just rain; why should this suddenly alarm him?

The rain falls and narrows the horizon. The lonely man in his boat finds himself caught in the narrowing net of the jungle. There is around him an awakening; the wind rustles through the wet leaves like a sigh; then he realizes that this is the memory the bayous have been mourning. This is how they were born, this is the comforting sound of their childhood.

Man can look at the stars at night and reflect upon his futility; he can stand in awe on a crater's edge and realize the eons that went into the planet's creation; but nothing will terrify him like the reality of the bayous in the rain. He is still haunted by the subconscious memory of the Great Flood, and there is one place on earth where this tellurian catastrophe is remembered with joy, like a sleeper awakening.

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When it rains on the bayous, a wordless voice wanders through the jungle, humming; and the traveler will hold his breath, assailed by the antediluvian loneliness of Paradise before his creation.

The Biplanes of New Orleans

LAKE Pontchartrain, at the brink of which New Orleans crouches, has a hard time mirroring the sunset or the mystery of the diamond-flashing night. The moon will not float on its back in its molten darkness; the lonely boatman who approaches the great city from the lake can only see its conflagration. The lighthouse winks pointlessly amidst a profusion of tumbling cascades, spinning wheels, kicking legs, spurting fountains and running messages of light shouting, "Hello Mellow Jax" and "Long, Low and Loaded." Even the coast guard launch takes its bearing to the harbor on the great wheel of Funland and switches course when it falls in line with the Cascade of Beer. It is the only way to find the lighthouse at night.

The harbor on the lake is restless with lights and their reflection until the dawn. To sit on deck looking at the sky is a strangely depressing experience; nature seems so far, man's loneliness lost. Lake Pontchartrain is like Walden Pond: its spirit has flown before the hordes that came stampeding on their lemming-like quest for solitude.

Then, suddenly, out of the darkness transformed into perpetual dusk by the sleepless merchants' fireworks, there alights on the rigging an elf-like creature. It has a long shining body, two very large eyes and four gauze wings—a dragonfly. It seems as if the lake has sent a reassurance: the spirit is still there and may alight secretly for a fleeting moment within reach of those who mourn its passing. Then there is another tiny rustle of metallic wings, and a second dragonfly alights in front of the first. The shining bodies tremble slightly in the night breeze and the wings quiver. Then there comes a third, a fourth, a dozen, a score; never has the stranger to the city seen so many dragonflies at once. Scant minutes later, the spirit of the lake has filled him with awe.

For a hundred dragonflies are amazing, but thousands of them

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are terrifying. He suddenly realizes that the ephemeral creature of one summer's dusk is not the dragonfly but the sleepless merchant, "Long, Low and Loaded," who flashes at the interstellar void his message of "Hello Mellow Jax." Yesterday there arose out of the mangroves and the reeds Meganeuron, the mother of these dragonflies, with a wing span of thirty inches, to rattle up into the summer sky bound for the swamp where snorted Allosaurus the terrible lizard, of whom she alone among living creatures was not afraid.

If that was yesterday, the lone stranger in the dusk reflects, what day will be tomorrow?

Streets of Sin

BRAVER than Custer's last stand, and more desperate than the battle of survival on the raft of the Medusa, is the duel that sin in New Orleans is fighting with the rising tide of earnest respectability engulfing it from the Midwest.

The French Quarter in New Orleans thought it was on to a good thing when it perpetuated the absinthe houses, the strip-tease honky-tonks and the naughty book shops in her dark alleys adorned with the black lace of cast iron balconies. But ever since the Bad Men of the Old Far West became the teen-agers' heroes to compensate their earnest desire to go steady, sin has been on the wane on Bourbon Street.

As I walked one summer evening through the garishly lit alleys, where the doors of the dens of vice were left enticingly ajar, I had to adjust my pace to a shuffling herd of adolescents in bobby socks, jeans and sneakers who peered massively through each opened door at the embarassed temptress wriggling her hips, thrusting her pelvis and rotating the tassels sewn onto the nipples of her brassiere. They stared until she lost her composure and the tassels their momentum, and the barker shut the door.

Each barker had his own way of coping with the rising tide; some of them brazened it out by shouting at the earnest young crowd from the plains, "Come on in, men, the tassels are turning!" or whispering hoarsely: "Hurry! The fireball's on tonight!" Others were cynical and cried: "Half price tonight, people! Tonight is

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Family Night!" But whatever they cried, and with whatever courage they faced defeat, they were obviously doomed.

The streets of sin in New Orleans are now as sanitized and hygienic as the reptile pavilion in the zoo. The turning tassels that once set sex-starved cowpokes whinnying like stallions in rut have become a mere demonstration of gymnastics; the sequins-with-moustaches, the bad champagne and the chemical absinthe that once figured so prominently on the posters of the broad and the narrow roads in church entrance and temperance hall have vanished; the posters themselves, aged to curios, now adorn the bathrooms of sophisticated young couples.

In the French Quarter of New Orleans, I first came to the conclusion that our younger generation is one of innocents. It seemed understandable during the naughty nineties that youth rebelled against the staid morality of the community by sinning; to go to the devil in a brothel, to stake one's virgin sister at poker or to rob one's parents' life savings for the sake of a sultry nude on a tiger skin was to assert the freedom of the individual soul; it searched for damnation to escape from the anonymous, dun-colored ranks of massive salvation. "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War" was a song that, like all war songs, brought about deserters.

Then war came, the wanton slaughter of idealistic youth of the first, the six million Jews exterminated in Germany and the mass murder of Hiroshima of the second, followed by the powerless hysteria of the present leaders of the world thrashing helplessly in the river of time flowing inexorably toward catastrophe. So, it seemed to me, the individual guilt of the naughty nineties had turned into the communal guilt of the lunatic fifties. The adolescent of that earlier time who stalked the twilit streets of New Orleans in drainpipe trousers and a collar that made the act of looking around a movement of the hips, escaped from the herd by sinning. The teen-age couples, going steady, who now shuffled through these same streets, endeavored to escape from our communal guilt by individual respectability.

But gradually my slow procession through the alleys of the past with the citizens of tomorrow became an exhilarating experi-

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ence. The periods in our history during which mankind had felt a communal guilt had been the best: the rungs of the ladder up which man had climbed out of the chasm of animal unconsciousness. During the last of these periods arose, in silent adoration, the splendor of the cathedrals, proffering to heaven their wordless prayer for forgiveness.

That night, as I shuffled with the teen-agers past "Pair-a-Dice Bar" and the absinthe house "It's Later than You Think," I caught, as I looked up from our dark furrow, the first glimpse of the spires of tomorrow, touched by the flush of a new dawn.

A Young Lover

He came on board in New Orleans in the wake of a cheerful friend who was going to sail with me across the Gulf of Mexico as crew. "He is wonderful to have on board," the cheerful friend had said, when announcing his arrival. "He is a member of the motorboat squadron, knows all the knots and has time to spare. You'll find he is just ideal."

The ideal young sailor was charming to look at in a dreamy, vacillating way. He seemed, at first sight, slightly out of place and time. He should have been dressed in gold-stitched doublet and feather-plumed beret and been leaning over the rail of the Rialto one summer's eve in 1592. He was so obviously in love that his preoccupation seemed almost tragic, as if he had a premonition of the fate that lay waiting for him in the shape of a hired assassin, lurking in the gathering dusk at the far end of the bridge, paid in well-used doubloons by his enamorata's husband.

He obviously felt ill at ease, torn between his desire to make the voyage with us and his sweet obligation to take his girl friend back from college to Paris, Tennessee, for the summer vacation. My cheerful friend sat, knees apart, heavily winking behind his back, making a gesture used by lock-keepers to indicate that you should gather speed. "Come, come," he said after a while. "This is a chance you'll only get once in a lifetime! If you don't come for this trip, you throw away your happiness forever. It's the thin end of the wedge. Once you let her have her way, you're done for."

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The young lover jutted out his chin, heaved a manly sigh, spread his knees in his chair and said, "By God, I will. Captain, put it there."

We shook hands; he said, "Well, that's settled! Where do we go from here?" and I outlined the trip.

The next morning, my cheerful friend turned up with a gloomy mien. "That damn fool," he said. "He was out with his girl last night and had himself convinced again that he should take her home instead. All women should be shot." His pregnant wife smiled seraphically in the background. It was agreed that I should forget about the faithless lover and behave as if he were not there, even when he turned up to apologize, which he was sure to do unless that silly girl had turned him into an utter coward.

He turned up that evening, looking more Raphaelian than before. His love now hung around him like a dark cloak, and he seemed to have paled and elongated overnight. Obviously he was either on his way to, or had just come from, the balcony scene. "I'm wretchedly sorry," he said, "but . . . ." I told him not to worry, that it was perfectly understandable, and he had a drink. After three drinks, I put it there and outlined the trip once more. "Yes," he said, as he bent over the chart, "I think this expedition may well have saved my life. Any woman who wants her man to pass up a chance like this for a five-hundred-mile drive is not worth. . . ." He groped for a value and I helped him out by saying, "Now, after Apalachicola, we get the big jump."

The next morning my cheerful friend, as he loomed on the gangway, was cheerful no longer. "I never want to hear his name again," he said. "He deserves to be forgotten."

He was, or so it seemed. His name was not mentioned again, and the next morning the ship vanished over the horizon, taking with her the well-kept secret of our envy. For all of us knew in our heart of hearts that his drive with his girl friend would be more adventurous than our journey could ever be, even if we were to be shipwrecked by Sinbad's gale and find, on the silver beaches of Apalachicola, Aladdin's treasures shimmering in the sand.

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The Evasions of Modern Theology

SAMUEL SANDMEL

WHAT IS THE STATE OF THEOLOGY TODAY? The recent years have witnessed in the United States an unprecedented upsurge in theological interest; names such as Tillich, Barth, Niebuhr, Buber and Bultmann have become known beyond the confines of the professionals. But there are some bases for questioning the value and, indeed, the validity of modern theological writing.

Theology is a special discipline, and the writer, even though he is a professor of Bible in a theological school, can qualify as no more than an amateur. My interest in modern theology can be considered akin to that of the intelligent layman, that mythical person, and my competency no greater. When he assesses the modern theological works that he has read, he inevitably emerges with some negative judgments. At any rate, I do.

Let it be clear that theology is a discipline of primary importance to the human spirit. Such is the case now quite as much as it was in the middle ages, when theology was universally acknowledged to be the queen of sciences. In those days, theology was the discipline that synthesized and integrated all the other branches of learning. The fields to be learned had not yet become so vast and intricate as to preclude a single individual's amassing all the then known sciences. The polymath of today learns, as the etymology can show, many things, but not all. The encyclopedist of bygone centuries learned not many things, but everything. The twelfth-century Maimonides bequeathed to us in addition to theo-

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logical writings, treatises on medicine, astronomy and law. The medieval theologian learned what there was to know, and then arrayed it in topics as part of a total world view.

A working definition can be helpful in distinguishing between religion and theology. Let us define religion as the spontaneous, intuitive, unmeditated experience of a person. Theology, on the other hand, is the effort to explain, to justify or to analyze in universal terms what the individual has experienced. We are in the domain of religion, for example, when we observe a person praying, whether in dire straits or in happy circumstances. When we ask, What is prayer? and give a systematized answer, then we have moved into the domain of theology.

The primary characteristics of theology, then, are analysis, explanation, synthesis and system.

A distinction between theology and philosophy would go along the following lines. Theology attempts to explain the experienced phenomena of religion, whereas philosophy is not bound to such experienced phenomena, but may represent a completely free and totally theoretical speculation. Indeed, in the Middle Ages, philosophy was one of the many disciplines that were handmaidens to the queen theology; philosophy, then as now, was relatively free from any antecedent commitment, while theology was never completely free from it. Philosophy was that tool by which, in the highest realms of dialectic, the theologian tested his assertions or conclusions. And finally, theology was always in some sense religious, whereas philosophy has always been in some sense secular.

The contribution of Spinoza in particular, and modern science and philosophy in general, has been to challenge the royal position of theology, to dethrone her and set philosophy in her place. This was especially the case in Protestant and Jewish circles. Theology, banished even from the court, changed from being the discipline above all disciplines to something lesser.

A balanced appraisal should deter us from unfairly blaming theology for the diminution of its status. The discovery of America, colonization, the new mercantilism, the incipient nationalisms, indeed, the beginnings of the death knell of feudalism—all these combined to channel the thinking man into areas, if not completely new, at least now possible to approach and assess in a new way.

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There began at that time a process that amounts to a reversal of the direction taken in the Greek world. The historians of philosophy have noted correctly that prior to the conquests of Alexander the Great and of the Romans, Greek philosophy, which we call Hellenic, was largely social in character. How shall a city be governed? What are just laws? Who is best suited to rulership? But the conquest and occupation by the conquerors, first the Macedonians and then the Romans, made it futile or even silly to ask these questions. Thereupon the direction of philosophy changed, and a higher individualism arose. The new questions, in what we call Hellenistic philosophy, were these: How shall I act, now that I have no voice in the government of the city? How can I live in inner freedom, in view of the injustice of the laws? How shall I conduct myself relative to those rulers whom I have not chosen but who govern me? Hellenic philosophy before Alexander the Great presupposed a relatively free society; Hellenistic philosophy after Alexander addressed itself to individual salvation.

The same process, but exactly in reverse, characterized the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times. The pre-Alexander questions were now asked again, in only slightly different form. Issues of political theory came to a new relevancy when men were on the verge of fashioning democratic governments and institutions. With some considerable logic, there was a progression from arguments about democracy as mere political theory to democracy in western Europe and then to theories of so-called social democracy in the period after the Industrial Revolution. The discipline of economics before, during and after the Industrial Revolution genuinely impinged on men's daily life.

In medieval theology and philosophy such areas as political theory and ethics were aspects of the larger concerns. When despotism began to recede, and mercantilism to grow, these areas began to emerge as separate disciplines. In the eighteenth century Hume not only wrote the *Natural History of Religion* and *Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion,* but also *Political Discourses.* Adam Smith first wrote his *Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759) and seventeen years later his *An Inquiry into the Nature and Cause of the Wealth of Nations.* Thomas Malthus, who wrote *An Essay on the Principles of Population* (1798) and *Principles of Political*

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Economy (1820), was once a curate in the Church of England.

We call the period of the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century the Age of Enlightenment. The leading motif was reason, even among those like Hume and Kant who argued for the limited relevancy of reason. A glance at the state of Bible studies among Protestants at this time is illuminating. In the Old Testament, the rich resources of comparative Semitic languages were now catalogued and synthesized. The Five Books of Moses were beginning to be assessed as aggregates of documents assembled at various ages, all of which were judged to be later than Moses. In the New Testament the wealth of the classic Greek and Roman civilizations and of rabbinic Judaism were marshalled for the Gospels to undergo study like any other documents from the past. There were those who held that Jesus was a man of highest and finest qualities, whose essential humanity was concealed by the legends and what they considered the theological absurdities in the Gospels. The Psalms were estimated to be other than a collection of proof-texts, and the Song of Songs ceased to be the allegory either of God's love for Israel or Christ's love for The Church and became instead erotic poetry.

History had previously been something of a fine art, much as the Greeks had estimated it. With Hegel, one began to talk about thesis, antithesis and synthesis, and with Ranke history embarked on its career as a science, the recording of facts as they were.

Thus, the situation of theology was affected not only by the development outside its precincts of disciplines once within it, but also by the attacks on traditional religion, whether hostile, as in the case of Voltaire and Thomas Paine and the Deists, or friendly, as in the case of the Bible scholars.

The religions in the West came to be divided into three domains. One of these consisted of the group that tried to remain untouched by the currents of new discoveries and new developments, a group characterized by the respectable term, Fundamentalist. By and large, the Fundamentalist attitude can be put this way: religion is an unchanging norm to which everything else must conform and adjust.

The other two groups were notably affected by the external

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developments. The two, however, are marked off from each other by differences in the extent of their hospitality to that which is novel and external, and the extent of their fidelity to the religious tradition. The Conservative has aimed to preserve the religious tradition as much unchanged as modern times will allow. The Liberal for the most part has welcomed change. The Fundamentalist theologian, by virtue of ignoring what is new, has had no need to come to terms with it.

The Conservative and the Liberal faced in the nineteenth century challenges that can be typified, or even in a sense summarized, by three names, Charles Darwin, Karl Marx and Sigmund Freud. The twentieth century was to add the name of Einstein; it was to present the challenges of two World Wars, the Russian Revolution, atomic bombs and sputniks.

The query that I put is this: When the intelligent layman feels himself confronted by some need or desire to shape his own personal platform, does he not openly or tacitly have in his mind, in his frames of reference, the changes wrought in the last century in science, in society, in the understanding of the individual?

What light can come to him from reading the modern theologian? The answer is discouraging.

Has modern theology sought to communicate to the ordinary intelligent person? Has it tried to vie in the market place of ideas with those movements characterized by Darwin, Freud, Marx and Einstein? Or has it instead developed into the property of a coterie of specialists who can communicate, if at all, only with each other?

Theology or, more precisely, theologians have in our day misconceived their role. They have allowed the discipline that should have attempted to synthesize all the others, from Darwinian biology through nuclear physics, to descend into mere denominational apologetics.

Three examples will illustrate and support the contention that modern theology has evaded its responsibility of confronting the modern world.

The first is somewhat complex. It can best be approached by recalling the term "Social Gospel." When nineteenth-century New

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Testament scholarship, so ably summarized by Albert Schweitzer in his study, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus,* tried but failed to recover the Jesus of history, an earnest and even high-minded thinker, Walter Rauschenbusch, conceived of him as a social reformer. Thereby a sanction was found for interpreting Christianity as a vehicle for social reform. Social Gospel was at its height from about 1890 to 1910; students of political science will remember that this was the period when the words Christian and Socialist or Christian and Democratic were joined to form the names of European political parties. Inherent in the Social Gospel was the conviction that since religion needed to have some relevancy to life, one should translate his religious convictions into concrete and specific aspects of social action. I confess to admiring the proponents of the Social Gospel even though I must say that it is shabby New Testament scholarship that makes Jesus a social reformer. To be more precise, it is poor learning that condenses such conceptions as the Incarnation, the Atoning Death and the Resurrection into the oversimple idea of social reform. I do not think it is too relevant to accuse the exponents of the Social Gospel, as some do, of shallowness in their expectation of bringing Utopia into being in the near future. The Social Gospelites were no more wrong than Victor Hugo and other "meliorists" of the time.

But the reaction on the continent of Europe, after World War I refuted the Social Gospelites and the "meliorists," was in the first place to deny that religion has anything to do with conduct, and in the second place to assert that what man needs is—here I use a technical term—a "spiritual" (German, *pneumatisch*) approach to Scripture. In the view of the "pneumatics," the disciplines of philology, comparative religion, anthropology and historical studies were worthless. Respecting the contention that religion has nothing to do with conduct, a mere glance at the records of Judaism and Christianity will provide instantaneous refutation. The issue is not whether one believes or disbelieves in the revelation of God to Moses at Sinai, or whether one believes in or doubts the Virgin Birth of Jesus. It is, rather, that the documents authoritative to Judaism and Christianity make it plain that the sequel to the act of religious faith is a set of obligatory social practices and con-

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cerns. To put it in another way, the following is true of both Judaism and Christianity: the essence of religion is man's relation to God, but the substance is man's social conduct. The "spiritualizers" betrayed not only Moses and Jesus, but also Paul, to whom they appealed because he said that legislation could not achieve proper conduct, but that proper motivation could. In their confusion, the pneumatics have preferred to believe that this meant Paul was uninterested in conduct.

A tendency somewhat like that which produced the "pneumatics" in biblical scholarship has produced Neo-Orthodoxy in modern theology. As the name implies, the conclusions are traditional, but the bases for reaching them quite at variance with orthodoxy.

The Neo-Orthodox movement is not all of one piece. Not all modern theology can be called Neo-Orthodox; indeed, it is characteristic of Neo-Orthodox theologians to feel insulted if they are so labeled. Neo-Orthodoxy has, however, influenced the present trend in theology by properly finding fault with the over-optimism of the "liberal" period. But curiously enough, Neo-Orthodoxy does not usually reject, as did the pneumatics, the rugged, iconoclastic biblical scholarship known as higher criticism that had been one of the props of the liberals in their view of the evolutionary character of religion. Indeed the Neo-Orthodox have espoused it.

Out of Neo-Orthodoxy there has come a broader tendency that seems to me to be a motif in much of modern theology. In assessing man, modern theology often finds fault with him for glorifying himself instead of God, and ascribes to his "sin" the perpetual crises in history. Man and his sin—not man, but *man and his sin*—is the preoccupation of modern theology.

After assuring us of man's sin, the theologians have moved on to tell us of man's helplessness. Indeed, modern theology has so emphasized man's helplessness that one wonders what, if anything, a man can do or should do. There is a little ditty, which appeared in the *Journal of Theological Studies,* that burlesques the Neo-Orthodox view of man's lack of capacity:

> Sit down, O man of God!
> His Kingdom He will bring
> Whenever it may please His will;
> You cannot do a thing!

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Man is properly the subject of a theological essay. But one wonders if we are not witnessing a pendulum swing in the way the theologian treats this subject. The liberals prior to World War I were extreme in their optimism about man's capacity to improve himself. We see now in modern theology a total denial of any capacity in man. Have we not simply moved from one extreme to its opposite? Moreover, has the modern theologian fashioned his view of man's sin and helplessness out of the data afforded by modern psychology, or has he simply rushed to traditional terms, in defiance of what has been learned, however imperfectly, about man?

It seems to me when I read the theologians that they are talking not about man but about particular men. It seems to me that I must recognize that certain men are indeed arrogant and that certain men are indeed without capacity, and that certain human efforts are often doomed either to total failure or partial failure. Yet somehow I wish that the theologians were not quite so self-satisfied, complacent and condescending in their denunciation of the arrogance of man.

The second example of the evasion of responsibility by theology stems from Freudian psychology and from the discipline of psychiatry. Herein lies an unsurpassed concentration on the question, What is man? Few questions have agitated thinkers and writers from time immemorial as frequently and profoundly as this question. The Psalmist and the author of Job and indeed the author of Genesis all have opinions to set forth.

In the field of theology, the concern about man—who and what he is—normally is considered a subdivision known as anthropology, a term that overlaps, but is considerably different from anthropology as one of the disciplines offered in the modern university, usually in the humanistic or social sciences.

Does man possess free will, or does he not? Does divine providence amount to sheer determinism, so that man is without freedom or moral choice? Is free will so fully man's possession as to eliminate providence?

Various answers to these age-old questions are to be found in ancient religious writings. By and large Christianity and Judaism

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have bequeathed two different and opposing views of the nature of man. The emphasis in Christianity, by way of Paul, Augustine and Calvin, has been on man's poor estate; in Judaism, the emphasis has been on man's high estate. (I use the word "emphasis" to allow room for the overlapping in the respective views, and to concede that Christianity and Judaism have harbored counterbalancing views.) The definition of the nature of man has consequences for the total theology that comes to be constructed.

While Christianity and Judaism differ in the definitions of sin and of righteousness, they both use these two terms, as it is right that they should, for in revealed religion one necessarily distinguishes between sin and righteousness.

But basic to Freudian psychology is the distinction not between sin and righteousness but between sickness and health. For example, is homosexuality sin or sickness?

Psychiatry is a secular science, theology is not. The view of man that the psychologist comes to may directly contradict the view bequeathed by traditional religion. While in a given *ad hoc* situation the minister of religion and the psychiatrist may find areas of cooperation, they do not and cannot start from the same premises.

But there has been such a spate of books on peace of mind and peace of spirit and on confident living because religionists have abandoned their premises—in part deliberately, and in part unconsciously.

The deliberate abandonment has been on the part of theologians who are receptive to modern science and willing to exchange Genesis for Darwin. The unconscious abandonment appears in the departure from religion into secularism. It is to the credit of certain Roman Catholics that they have discerned the boundary clearly and have refused to cross it. It is with the "liberals" that one can quarrel on this point.

In large measure the modern theologians have justified their departure from religion to secularism by adopting a process that to me is most discouraging. It consists of using some term traditional in religion, of divesting it of its pristine meaning by defining the term in a sense consistent with modern science, and then of using the term in the pristine way. I can find it admirable in a

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Christian to say that he believes in the virgin birth, or in an ex-Christian to say that he disbelieves. But when a theologian informs me that the virgin birth is not to be taken literally, but is simply a term that essays to express the ineffable, and then proceeds to treat the virgin birth as though he believes in it literally, I confess I am not moved to admiration. At the best, these ancient terms now become mere slogans, catchwords that seek from religious antiquity an authority and sanction to which in the reinterpreted sense they are not entitled. At the worst, these reinterpreted terms raise seriously the question of the intellectual integrity of the users. It is startling to read or hear that the New Testament and Rabbinic literature are the best textbooks in psychiatry. It is astonishing to read that Jesus was the greatest psychiatrist of all times. What I am here alluding to has become commonplace.

If theology is unorthodox, then it is entitled to grapple with the question of whether the traditional religious anthropology is right, and modern psychology wrong, or if psychology is right and the traditional religious anthropology wrong. And it is not too grievous a wrong for unorthodox religion to reinterpret traditional terms. What is wrong is to reinterpret the terms in an unorthodox way, and then use them in an orthodox way, as if they have not been reinterpreted.

Has modern theology come to grips with the contentions of modern psychology? I believe that it has not. As is demonstrated by the Social Gospel, which I admire, and by the "Spiritualizing" exegesis, which I do not, and by the adoption of modern psychology, whose claim to being a science sometimes troubles me, modern theology has failed to conceive its task as that of mastering the disciplines as they are properly understood, and then of integrating and synthesizing them. Instead, modern theology has toyed with bits and pieces.

The third example of an evasion of its responsibility by modern theology is illustrated from the pursuit usually called "the philosophy of history." Herein, in my judgment, lies the worst evasion of all.

The Judaism and Christianity of ancient times looked at the events in history so as to see in them the workings of God; it was

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a distinctive approach, and at variance with the Greek. The Greek tried to penetrate to the essence of reality by an analysis of the nature of the physical universe; the Hebrew or the Christian, on the other hand, felt and believed that the events of history disclosed God, for events did not blindly happen, but were rather planned for and executed by the Deity or through his will. A modern return to the view that God is revealed in history was obviously incumbent upon those modern theologians who said that the faith of the Bible must be returned to. But whereas an Amos or an Isaiah or a Jeremiah or a Second Isaiah did not shrink from declaring that world empires, such as that of the Assyrians, were only pawns in the hands of the Deity, the modern theologian does not have the boldness to make so plain a statement. Indeed, to digress briefly, many a theologian who feels impelled to support his contention by citations from Scripture does violence to it. The pedant in me has too often been offended by selective citation, by verses wrested out of context and by an oversimplification that pushes me to the brink of despair. I read about the biblical view of man, as though there is no difference between the author of Leviticus and Paul; the biblical view of history, as though there is no difference between the Deuteronomic authors and the author of Job. One can record it as a universal rule that when a theologian attributes one and only one view to Scripture, he is falsifying.

It holds true, again, that an effort to find one single theme as the reflection of all Scripture is scarcely tenable. An ancient rabbi, Hillel, once defined the essence of Scripture as the golden rule, but he had the honesty to add that there was much left over that merited learning. In modern writings the effort to make the Bible relevant usually involves putting the Bible into a Procrustean bed —and we know what happened to those who were welcomed into it. Modern theologians never demonstrate the continuing relevancy of the Bible; they only make assertions in a way so clumsy as to be self-refuting.

Let us revert to the philosophy of history. A typical recourse of theologians has been to declare that history has a meaning only if it is viewed from a special perspective. I quote from Christopher Dawson: "It is difficult, perhaps even impossible, to explain the Christian view of history to a non-Christian, since it is necessary

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to accept the Christian faith in order to understand the Christian view of history." (Mr. Dawson does not state which version of the Christian faith.)

The end result of contentions such as this is the development among theologians of a position that supposes that a distinction can be made between history on the one hand and "trans-history" on the other. As applied specifically to Christianity, trans-history is apparently a period both prior to the Incarnation and subsequent to the Ascension, while history is the period of the Incarnation. Such a view, without regard to its tenability, is not a universal approach, for its contentions are without meaning to non-Christians, such as Mohammedans, Buddhists and Shintoists, who chance to be a large portion of the modern world.

As to its tenability, I would comment, as I have indicated, that in the Bible there is set forth on many, many pages the conviction that God is revealed in history. The Bible knows nothing of trans-history, and, indeed, the very idea is one hundred and eighty degrees removed from what the Bible says. It is the shabbiest kind of learning that dares to call trans-history biblical. And since the word is mongrel, for *trans* is Latin and *history* is Greek, a supposedly better term, *metahistory*, is offered. It too is not biblical.

Is trans-history or metahistory an explanation, or is it an evasion? Does trans-history meet the contention of a secular historian who writes: "To maintain that God reveals Himself in what is usually called 'history,' in the history of international crime and mass murder, is indeed blasphemy."[1]

Does the modern theologian enter the arena of the intellectual combat with the secular historian? Is he grappling with a genuine issue, and setting it into a convincing array of ideas and propositions? Or does he simply abandon the field to his adversary?

In my judgment the modern theologian is guilty of evasion.

And, I would add, the theologian is at this point throwing away even the bare possibility of communicating with the layman, for to most of us the word history has had a particular import; the word trans-history seems to me to be more a barrier to, than a vehicle of, communication.

[1] Karl Popper, "Has History Any Meaning?" in Hans Meyerhoff, ed., *The Philosophy of History in Our Time* (New York, 1959), p. 307.

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Trans-history is only one example of how theologians play with words. They are adept at inventing new words (such as kairitic, from the Greek *kairos* for time), or at distorting a word, such as eschatological, or at using common words in a sense known only to the user. Some theologians seem to find it obligatory to create a special vocabulary.

It is not a valid argument against theology that it deals with difficult concepts. But it is a valid contention that modern theologians unnecessarily increase the difficulty through their abuse of the dictionary. I am willing, even eager, to understand them. But should they not feel some need to communicate, some need to write with clarity, some disposition to shape what they have to say in such a way that form does not effectively obscure content?

I am disturbed even more by the substance of modern theology than by its manner. The tour de force, even if it is perceptive and poetic, seldom has lasting power; the clever and the cute do not succeed in providing a lasting satisfaction. Yet these are the terms necessary for appraising the works of even such men as Reinhold Niebuhr, Martin Buber, Paul Tillich, Karl Barth and Rudolf Bultmann.

Niebuhr is to my mind the most admirable practical religionist of our day. My strictures are, of course, at his writings—as in *The Nature and Destiny of Man*—and not at his person. His writings abound in nimble and misleading generalizations about the scriptural "view"; and he constantly proceeds so to reinterpret his generalizations that they lose even their remote connection with Scripture. He deals, often brilliantly, with corollaries of unproved theorems.

I know of no sequence of incomprehensible sentences and paragraphs as abundant and recurrent as in Martin Buber's essay, "Dialogue," in his *Between Man and Man*. And when one has struggled and perhaps understood Buber, where is one? At rock bottom fundamentals, or in quasi poetry, suspended in mid-air?

Paul Tillich belongs to the illustrious lines of the allegorists. Allegory is the device of applying a capricious meaning to aspects of a traditional text in replacement of the natural meaning. The Stoics had tried to raise Homer's earthy tastes to a heightened eminence by "allegorizing" him; Greek Jews, such as Philo, and

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Christians, such as Clement of Alexandria and Origen, adapted the Stoic method to Scripture, especially to its troubling passages. Mr. Tillich's book, *The Dynamics of Faith,* is primarily a series of allegorical definitions of faith, doubt, holy, the Cross and the like. Whatever of substance he has to say is recurrently obscured by his allegorisms, but there is little substance in the allegorisms themselves.

In justice to Karl Barth, the eminent Swiss theologian, it must be admitted that his many writings are seldom aimed at the layman. He presents a blend of the thinker and the exhorter, and he uses an abundance of paradox, as though paradox possesses some mystic capacity to transcend itself. He is the most difficult of all to read. I find in him passionate restatements of the old, not confrontations of the new.

The German Rudolf Bultmann is, in my judgment, the greatest New Testament scholar of this age. He is the leading exponent of "demythologizing." Briefly, demythologizing implies that although the basic Christian message is valid, the New Testament, unhappily, couches it in mythological terms; modern man must "demythologize" the basic Christian convictions, especially about the history of Jesus. The end product seems to many of us to result in the vanishing of Jesus, so that one wonders about the validity ascribed to a Christian message from which Jesus has vanished. We students are reminded of an early heresy called docetism, "seemingness," which changed Jesus from a supposed historical reality into an alleged apparition.

I want the theologian to enlighten me on what I should think and what I should do. I want him to grapple with Darwin, and Freud, and Marx, and atomic power, in the public arena where I can look on—and this I do not find him disposed to do.

I still read theologians. But more and more I find startlingly little substance or relevancy.

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On one who created a new order

PADRAIC COLUM

Then I was mad, and truly mad,
As mad as any clown
That all in rags, with sooty face,
Goes crassly through a town.

None hindered me. Through windows lit
I saw as I went by,
A cradle rocked, a table spread,
A man stare drunkenly.

And it was curious, I thought,
Such motions still were made—
A girl pinned a nosegay on,
A lad a fiddle played.

The dealer in the step-down shop
Who saw me did not fail
To make them balance evenly
The two sides of her scale.

And where the bake-house stands I stopped:
I let the minutes pass;
The night was pleasant all around,
So fresh a smell there was.

The ovens then were opening
For loaves with freshness fused:
Van after van I'd send, I thought
To men who were refused

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Bread. I knew myself refused
More, more! I bided there:
With bended head I took the draught
Left over from despair.

The statue of the Emperor
Stands in its pride of place,
No madness breaks the nobleness
That's molded in his face;

No sign is there of that blind night
I threw my wits away,
And seized on core that would not shake,
On purpose that would stay.

O Time, again you have betrayed
Impulse to history,
With its retarding leaves between
Promptings and destiny!

I ask this riddle of myself—
Myself no answer sends:
And could the madness of that night
Bespeak my ordered ends?

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Reductio

BARRY SPACKS

I heard a witty worldling claim
A compensation if their game
Of madness mushroom us to cloud:
Then, lady, freed from out its shroud
Of shape, in atoms at a time,
Your flesh would intersperse with mine,
So nicely pulverized a state
For love would bomb-brought death create.
Each lover circumscribed in life
From each (O, lonely, separate wife!
Dear body!) would in form made rare
Then wander all the upper air
Transfused with elemental things.

This metaphysic-baiting brings
No smile from me. I said we'd lie
Apart, and far below the sky,
To let our blasted limbs intrude
Upon that grim beatitude.
I would not bless the irony
Of such unnatural unity,
But said: "My stench destroy his breath
Who laughs that mating's best in death:
Her ruined loveliness attend
That version of a saving end."
(O, love, you are my living's wage,
Sole ransom of this deadly age.)

✪ BARRY SPACKS, who teaches literature and the humanities at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has published poems, stories and articles in the *Atlantic, Punch, Poetry,* the *Transatlantic Review* and other journals.

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The Teacher as a Model

JOSEPH ADELSON

THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF DIFFICULTIES that beset us when we try to treat this topic. We find it hard to keep ourselves dispassionate; this theme—the teacher as model—is peculiarly likely to engage our capacities for self-deception. When we think of ourselves as we once were, as students, we tend to reconstruct ourselves at the feet of a great teacher—some great man, or perhaps only a kindly and devoted one—someone who infused in us whatever modest claim to merit we possess. Now this may indeed have happened to us; but I have come to feel that whether or not it has we will rearrange the past to imagine that it has. There is something in us, something almost archetypal, that makes us feel that we achieved our maturity only by taking over the strength and wisdom of our teachers.

Then there is the other side to it, the teacher's perspective on himself as a model. I imagine that we vary greatly in the degree to which we recognize and accept this aspect of the career. For some of us, some few of us, to serve as a model is at the very heart of teaching: our self-esteem may demand it, and even more the need to give meaning to our lives. We have here a mystique of the vocation; and its dangers to self-understanding are all too evident. When we so define ourselves, we end by overestimating our value: we collect testimonials to our influence; we mistake being tolerated for being liked, being liked for being admired and being admired for being taken as a model. But this form of self-deception is, I would guess, fairly uncommon. The more usual reaction of the teacher nowadays is to deny or to make light of his potential as a

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model. Perhaps we, as Americans, are too diffident about exercising authority to accept this part of the role easily. A model to youth—so to think of ourselves is to seem fatuous, narcissistic, even undemocratic. We permit ourselves the fancy only in our more elated or depressed moments, and even then not too openly. The most we will allow is to see ourselves taken as a model not for what we are, but for what we represent—the self as a delegate from, let us say, the humanistic spirit or the scientific tradition. In defining ourselves so modestly, we may imagine that we are being matter-of-fact, down-to-earth, hard-headed; but I would argue that this view, which prefers to ignore or underestimate this side of teaching, is as fanciful, as mistily romantic as the earlier one.

These are some of the sentimental barriers to an understanding of the topic; there are substantive ones as well. One of these is that our knowledge of personality change in adolescence is still sketchy and uncertain. Another and related difficulty is that we have no theory of modeling. Assume that the student does (or can) become in some degree like his teacher. How does it happen? Is it a learning process or does it go deeper than that? In any case, what do we mean by "become like"? The student does not become *exactly* like his teacher; he chooses and rejects, and what determines that? Does he take over the teacher's ego qualities? Does he set him up as an ego ideal? Or does the teacher become a superego figure? And what is the teacher's part in all of this? How does his activity influence the process? It is rather startling to recognize how little we really know about these and other fundamental problems, the more so since theories of education require a theory of modeling; in fact, they often contain such a theory, implicit, unacknowledged, unexamined.

When I first began thinking about this paper I made the bland assumption—rather thoughtlessly, it now appears—that the intellectual demands of the topic would easily be met by the concept of identification. The student identifies with his teacher and, to the extent that he does, is changed. There is an elaborate literature on identification (so elaborate as to be ornate—there is a literature that categorizes the literature) and my task would involve simply applying our documented knowledge of the identification process

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to the specific problem at hand. A moment's reflection suggests how much more complicated the matter really is.

One trouble with identification, as the psychologist Nevitt Sanford pointed out several years ago, is that it has become so fashionable, and thus so ubiquitously used, that it has lost the precision it once had. Not that it had much to begin with. It is an unusually docile and elastic concept, one that gives way easily to whatever stretching we want to impose on it. Since it serves us so well in elucidating many psychic phenomena, we tended to stretch it to include more and more instances of behavior and experience. We find it used in discussions of hysteria and of depression, in descriptions of normal personality development, in the psychology of creativity and so on almost endlessly. Sanford suggests that there is not much similarity among the various appearances of identification. The processes are, to be sure, vaguely analogous; but is that enough? Do we gain any deeper understanding through the total embrace of the identification concept? Are we not better served by a more limited use of the term?

The amorphousness of the identification concept is one problem; there is an even more serious one. When we review our experiences we are likely to come up with some dramatic examples of the effects of identification, cases where the student's life was changed, decisively, by the choice of model. These instances are likely to be highly persuasive, so much so that they may mislead us into feeling that identification is the critical process in personality change, that more moderate changes in the student simply involve a more moderate degree of identification. Let me illustrate what I mean through a pair of examples.

The first of these concerns what is probably the most striking example of character change I have ever seen. In college I had a friend who was an amiable, somewhat cynical, rather aimless sort of boy—pleasant enough, something of a buffoon in fact, and without much drive or conviction. He decided to go on to graduate school, not because he had received any inner call, but largely because many of his friends were doing so and because there seemed to be no viable alternative except to go to work. He made plans to study with a famous social psychologist, an ebullient, restless, imaginative man. When my friend arrived at the university he dis-

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covered that this professor had suddenly departed. There seemed to be nothing else to do than to study with another dominant figure in that department, a brilliant man, at his best willful and forceful, and at his usual worst arbitrary and authoritarian to the point of being vicious. I next saw my friend a year later; he had become this man's disciple. This was surprising; what was unnerving was the change in manner and behavior that had taken place in him. He had been transformed from a rather affable, indolent boy, a kind of academic Good Soldier Schweik, to an academic tiger, disputatious, ill-tempered, mean-spirited, believing firmly that the world's salvation depended on its adopting his master's views on learning theory.

Now here is another instance, this time taken from psychotherapeutic work. The patient was a physicist whose career, after an extremely promising start, had petered out into haplessness. We soon learned that his career was from the beginning based on identifications: he chose physics largely because it was his older brother's field; he chose his specialty through an identification with an important teacher. For several years into his post-doctoral career things went fairly well for him. His research during this period, while decidedly his own, followed a path that had been pioneered by his teacher. Then suddenly he found it impossible to work. Two coinciding events seemed to play a part: he had exhausted the line of research begun in graduate school and he had received a promotion in rank. Work was possible for him only so long as he defined himself as acolyte, apprentice, lieutenant. The change in rank, together with the need to find his own research interest, endangered the state of discipleship that was necessary for him to function intellectually.

Now what shall we make of these two accounts? We have in the first a rather plain example of "identification with the aggressor." My friend found himself in a situation that he took to involve the choice: "Identify or else," and more deeply, "Submit or be killed." He had taken this awesome, frightening teacher into himself and with a convert's zeal had transformed himself. The second case is rather more complex (I have given only part of the relevant information). Essentially, the patient found it necessary to contain a

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profound hatred of men in authority through fairly elaborate maneuvers; these involved splitting academic fathers into good and bad ones, pitting them against each other and ending up as the favorite son, heir apparent and junior partner to the idealized teacher, after whom he modeled himself to the point of parody.

It would not be hard to find further examples in this vein. When you quiz people about their thoughts and experiences on the topic of modeling, you find that almost everyone can contribute a bit of folklore. A dentist told me about one of his teachers at dental school: a pipe smoker, he had had a golden palate plate made up for him to reduce the chances of cancer. His two junior associates had taken up pipe smoking, had had plates made for themselves. When they met together at conference, all three would take out their plates, insert them, then light up their pipes—an unforgettable image. Almost all of us, I am sure, can chip in with similar anecdotes, where the disciples of an impressive teacher—the kind word is "dynamic"—took over his mannerisms, speech habits, tastes, interests, eccentricities and what have you.

But this anecdotage, although seductive, is in the end deceiving. We remember these instances because they are vivid or amusing. Are they paradigmatic? Do they represent the extreme end of the continuum of modeling, the "far out" instances that display, in an exaggerated way, the normal processes of modeling? Or are they discontinuous, qualitatively different from the mundane forms of modeling? I would say the latter. This is not to minimize the importance of dramatic identification phenomena in the educational process; to the contrary. One can argue that we gain much in our understanding of teacher-student patterns if we take account of such phenomena. But first we will have to put identification in its place, so to speak, not permitting it to dominate our thinking.

Sanford argues very effectively that the identification processes we know from clinical work—mainly introjection and identification with the aggressor—are defensive maneuvers designed to keep the personality intact and functioning in situations that threaten its integrity. The changes we see are brittle; they remain in effect only so long as the person is under duress; they then vanish. Genu-

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ine changes in personality are brought about not by unconscious defenses, but by processes, such as learning, where the ego's role is not entirely passive or regressive.

If we review our own experiences with students, review them in totality as against singling out impressive exceptions, we are likely to find that what the student takes from the teacher is swiftly and silently synthesized into the existing personality. We may have here one criterion for appraising the quality of modeling: the ego's success in synthesizing the "introject." Whenever we see a radical alteration of the student's behavior, or when we see an "addition" to the ego repertoire that seems somehow alien to or disconnected from the totality of behavior (as in the student's adoption of the teacher's pet mannerisms) we have some reason to be wary both of the genuineness and of the permanence of the "modeling." Under these circumstances we are probably right to suspect that the student is moved not by his best long-range interests, but by infantile or conflict-ridden feelings toward the teacher or the teaching situation, by anxiety, or ambivalence or one of the many counterfeits of "love." We ought to be as mordantly skeptical of change in our students—especially when it seems too good to be true—as the psychotherapist is when he appraises the vicissitudes of behavior in his patient.

Up to this point I have followed Sanford's argument closely; but I have some disagreements with it. For one thing, I feel he gives too short shrift to the identification processes. They do have their uses. Granted that in the long run they tend to inhibit or distort the best development of the personality; yet that is sometimes a very long run indeed. Consider the two cases mentioned earlier. In my college friend we saw the emergence of initiative and purposefulness, of a sense of mission, that had been conspicuously absent before. The identification provided a momentum that carried him through graduate school and into a respectable, although lacklustre, career. Something of the same was true of the physicist. To be sure, the identification failed him in the end; it depended on conditions that could not be met indefinitely. But we must remember that in this case we had a seriously flawed personality; the infantile attachment to his teacher did at least allow him to be

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launched into his career. I very much doubt that this would have happened otherwise. These are, of course, Pyrrhic victories. When the modeling is as deep and thoroughgoing as it was in these instances, the person is generally incapable of original or individual work. The master, now within, retains his influence beyond the point where he is needed. New ideas are likely to be subject to criticism by the internalized presence of the teacher; the result is a blight on thought outside of doctrine.

Identifications are useful in other and more benign ways. In adolescence especially they sometimes seem to provide the means through which needed restructurings or crystallizations of personality take place. In some cases, the student can become himself only by first becoming someone else. He may find it difficult to acquire new and complex skills unless he protects himself psychically by borrowing, through identification, the teacher's power. Or he may use the identification as a mask, as a form of camouflage; while he pretends, to himself and to others, that he is being a certain someone, achieving this or that identity, he is actually accomplishing the inner changes that will allow him to achieve an identity closer to his own talents and dispositions. In all of these uses the identification is shallow and temporary; it is used as a prop, a crutch, a smokescreen or a shield; once it has served its purpose it is dissolved. The identification serves as the means of achieving a new and necessary identity.

What we have to do is to turn our attention from identification to identity. If we are to comprehend the variations in students' relations to their teachers as models, we shall have to do so by understanding often subtle and elusive differences in identity commitment. Consider that large group of students who are pleasant and polite enough, but carefully keep themselves remote from modeling. In most cases, I suppose, we would find that they already feel themselves committed to life goals and styles to which the teacher cannot really contribute. But there are some interesting variations. For example, the student may actively resist the teacher's influence because the teacher is, in fact, too tempting as a potential model. We can see this quite clearly in some pre-med or pre-law

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students. The pre-med is astute enough often to recognize that he must manage a certain detachment from his physiology or biochemistry courses and teachers; to become too interested, or too involved, may divert him from the long-range goal of medicine. The student who may seem to us to be invulnerable to modeling may simply be waiting until it is safe.

In other cases the student who seems untouched and untouchable is in a state of limbo—in a "moratorium," to use Erikson's term—waiting for the proper time to commit himself. He does not feel ready to find a personal identity; he is, in fact, actively *not* looking for it, shielding himself from influence, keeping himself "loose" and unattached, committed, so to speak, to the bachelorhood of pre-identity. He is not really waiting for the right model to come along; he is waiting for something to happen inside of him. Then he will make his move.

At the other extreme we have those students who actively, even frenetically, shop around for models. Just as some students will spend the first weeks of a semester auditing different courses, so will some (often the same ones) spend their college careers auditing different identities.

In this group of model-seeking students, we again find revealing variations. The youngster may come to college with some idea of what he wants to become; what he is looking for is the external embodiment of a predetermined identity, some teacher who will personify an image of the self that the student has imagined. At a state university we see some intriguing examples: the young man from the provinces who, out of his own resources, assisted only by his reading or by the mass media, has imagined himself into the role of scholar, poet, painter. He needs only the living instance—in the form and presence of the teacher—to complete what the imagination has begun.

These variations in the identity-needs of students are also of some importance in influencing the teacher's qualities they are interested in acquiring. I was made acutely aware of this not long ago while interviewing some graduate students about to receive doctorates in the social sciences. I was interested, among other things, in the roles teachers had played in the choice of under-

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graduate majors. One student I talked to told me at great length about a professor who had been, he said, of central importance to him. This man had been a real influence, had taught him much of what he knew; he had, in fact, been this man's undergraduate teaching assistant. What was his name? I asked. There was an embarrassed silence—he could not remember it. He could, however, remember his professor's research, accurately and in detail. We might consider this curious lapse of memory to be unconsciously motivated; but I think not altogether—it fitted perfectly well with this young man's general lack of interest in his teachers as personalities. He struck most of his graduate instructors as unusually detached and independent, so much so as to affront some of them. He was brisk, brusque, business-like. (He had, in fact, come from a business family, and it seemed to be a case where you might take the boy out of the business, but not the business out of the boy.) He looked to his teachers, one felt, more for what they knew and could teach him, for their skills, than for what they were as individuals.

Compare him with another young man, of the same age, training and apparent ambitions. His manner was gentle and sensitive; he gave the impression of being somewhat ineffectual. At the beginning of a professional career, he was still uncertain that he had made the right choice. This uncertainty and lack of conviction, the air of doubt and restlessness he conveyed, all of these suggested at least a mild case of identity diffusion. As a boy he had been raised in a middle-class family and milieu that existed quite apart from the world of intellectual concerns. He was bright and received a scholarship to an Ivy League college. He was overwhelmed by what he discovered there—overwhelmed on a number of counts but most of all by the range and intensity of the intellectual life as it was felt there. While the young man I spoke of previously could not remember his teachers, this young man could remember little else. He dwelt on them lovingly, still filled with awe and childlike wonder at the flair and potency of his teachers. That was the trouble; he could not get over it. Perhaps we can put this down, ultimately, to the Oedipus complex. But the point that concerns us here is that he looked to his teachers not for what they could teach

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him visibly and tangibly, not for skills or techniques, but for what as exemplars of an elusive and desired life style they could offer him.

This distinction—between skill and style—is of course a rough one; but it may help give us some sense of the differing modalities of the modeling process. Sometimes style—in the sense, now, of the professional identity—emerges or evolves out of the acquisition of skills. We may speak of a *progression* from skill to style. The student is changed gradually and by accretion; as he acquires skills, these become part of the ego repertoire and, finally, of the ego identity. The professional style—manner, attitude and so on—is likely to be both role-syntonic and ego-syntonic.

At other times we see a *retreat* from skill-acquisition to style-acquisition. This may happen out of purely intrapsychic motives (for example, the student mentioned above), but we may also find it occurring when the skills to be learned are in their nature difficult to master. In his despair or frustration the student may turn his interest from the achievement of craft to the premature absorption of the professional style or manner. We see this quite frequently in the teaching of psychotherapy. The skills here are complex and ephemeral. The student, feeling himself overwhelmed by the task, is tempted to retreat to the therapeutic *persona.* We sometimes find a kind of *ersatz* identity, the student in the guise of therapist, much given to a sonorous and sententious profundity of manner, or to overly brilliant formulations of psychodynamics. In most cases, I should say, these outbreaks of "modeling" are transient and soon disappear. But when they persist, it may signal an end to learning; the "role" is a retreat from the oppressive demands of the apprenticeship.

Generally speaking, we have every reason to feel troubled when we observe the student to be overly eager to acquire the professional style at the expense of skill. In most cases he does so when he feels himself marginal or overwhelmed, either because of personal shortcomings or because the educational circumstances are such as to make him helpless or infantilized. We must recognize that some educational situations produce this effect in their very nature, and not because of the obtuseness or bad intentions of the

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educators. In some fields—especially the technical and "practical" ones—the student's performance can be judged objectively and unambiguously. The student has no trouble discovering how well he is doing; his competence and relative standing can be appraised by visible, concrete criteria of proficiency. In these circumstances he is not so dependent on the teacher's opinion and gives his attention to the acquisition of skill. But in other fields the criteria of good performance are intrinsically ambiguous and depend upon a subjective assessment by the teacher; indeed this is the case in any discipline at its higher levels, where good performance demands creative or synthetic capacities. Here the student cannot easily tell how well he is doing, nor can the teacher do more than measure him subjectively, or even intuitively. Furthermore, the teacher often cannot coach the student properly; he can say what the student is doing poorly, but not tell him how to perform well. How do we tell someone to write a better poem or for that matter to think of a better research idea, or design a more interesting experiment or write a more penetrating paper? The more demanding the work, the more ambiguous both the procedures and criteria of good performance, and the more the student is tempted to rely on hollow style modeling. He may take over the peripheral or irrelevant qualities of the teacher or of the professional role; or he may ape his teacher's mannerisms and tricks; in either case, he abandons his own resources to incorporate the teacher's, no matter how poorly they suit him.

Discussions of the Good Teacher are likely to leave us more uplifted than enlightened. The descriptions we read generally amount to little more than an assemblage of virtues; we miss in them a sense of the complexity and ambiguity that we know to characterize the teacher's work. Here are some paradoxes to help us get going: a teacher may be a good teacher yet not serve as a model to any of his students; he may inspire his students and yet fail to influence them; he may influence them without inspiring them; he may be a model for them and yet not be an effective teacher; and so on. To say all of this is to make the point—an obvious one but generally overlooked in the more solemn and global

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discussions of the Teacher—that charisma, competence and influence do not necessarily go hand in hand. A great many college teachers, perhaps most of them, are "good" teachers—good in the sense that they are conscientious and devoted, that they are lucid, articulate and fair-minded lecturers, and that more often than not they succeed in illuminating the subject matter. Their students learn from them, often learn very much; yet these teachers ultimately do not make much of a difference in their students' lives beyond the learning they impart. At another extreme we have those rare teachers who stir and enchant their students, and yet who may be spectacularly inept in teaching subject matter. I think now of a former colleague of mine, in some ways a truly great man, who is so ebullient, erratic and distractable, so easily carried away by the rocketing course of his thought, that his students—even the bright ones—just sit there, benumbed, bewildered and finally enthralled. They know themselves to be close to a Presence and are willing to suffer incoherence to join vicariously in that demonic enthusiasm.

What we must do, plainly, is to recognize the pluralism in teaching—the many styles of influence, the many modes of connection that bind student and teacher to each other. Teaching styles are so diverse that they can be categorized in a great many different ways. The grouping I want to try out was suggested by the yet unpublished work of Merrill Jackson, an anthropologist who has been doing a cross-cultural study of the healer's role. He has isolated five distinct modes of healing: shamanism, magic, religion, mysticism and naturalism. Here is an abbreviated description of these types: the shaman heals through the use of personal power, using craft, charm and cunning; the magician heals through his knowledge of arcane and complex rules, and his ability to follow ritual precisely; the priest claims no personal power, but achieves his healing capacity as an agent or vessel of an omnipotent authority; the mystic healer relies on insight, vision and wisdom, through which he cures the sick soul; the naturalist (the present-day physician) is impersonal, empirical, task-oriented.

You may be struck, as I was, by the reflection that these separate modes of healing in some sense persist to this day. While the present-day type of medicine is naturalistic (and in fact it is a common

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complaint that medical specialists are *too* impersonal, and do not give enough attention to the patient as a human being), we nevertheless find that the physician's relation to the patient is often patterned on an older style. Thus we have those physicians who follow the shamanistic mode, in that they implicitly define healing as a struggle between disease on the one hand and their own cunning and power on the other; or those for whom medicine involves a ritualistic following of rules; or those who claim no personal charisma, but define themselves to the patient as humble servants of a Godhead, in this case Modern Medical Science. This typology may be a useful one for treating other forms of interaction, such as those that obtain between teacher and student. For example, those teachers who define themselves primarily as experts in subject-matter are roughly equivalent to naturalistic healers, in that the relationship to the client is in both cases impersonal and task-oriented. In any case, it is worth trying; I want to use Jackson's schema to consider in detail three types of teachers.

The teacher as shaman: Here the teacher's orientation is narcissistic. The public manner does not matter; this type of teacher is not necessarily vain or exhibitionistic; he may in fact appear to be withdrawn, diffident, even humble. Essentially however he keeps the audience's attention focused on himself. He invites us to observe the personality in its encounter with the subject matter. He stresses charm, skill, *mana,* in the self's entanglement with ideas. When this orientation is combined with unusual gifts, we have a *charismatic* teacher, one of those outstanding and memorable personalities who seem more than life-size. The charismatic teacher is marked by power, energy and commitment: by power we mean sheer intellectual strength or uncommon perceptiveness and originality; by energy we mean an unusual force or vivacity of personality; and by commitment a deep absorption in the self and its work. Generally, all of these qualities are present to some degree: energy without power turns out to be mere flamboyance; power without energy or commitment is likely to be bloodless, arid, enervating.

This tells us only part of the story. In that group of teachers whom we term narcissistic we find considerable variation in the

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degree of impact on the student. In some cases the narcissistic teacher's impression on us is strong but transient; he moves us, but the spell does not survive the moment. We admire him as we admire a great performer; in his presence we dream of doing as well ourselves. But when the occasion is past we return to our mundane selves, out of the spell, unchanged, uninfluenced. In other instances, we may find the teacher's narcissism at the least distasteful and at times repelling. Something in it warns us to keep our distance, to remain wary and uncommitted.

What makes the difference? I am not sure that we know, but I think we will understand it better when we know more about variations in narcissism. There is a narcissism that makes a hidden plea to the audience; it cries out: "Look how wonderful I am! Admire me! Love me!" There is also a narcissism that is vindictive and vengeful; it says: "I love myself. Who needs you?" In either case the audience, or at least a good share of it, seems to sense the infantile source and quality of the teacher's narcissism, senses the petulance or anxiety that informs the teacher's manner, and keeps itself from becoming involved.

There is another and rarer form of narcissism that affects us quite differently from these. It is directed neither toward nor against the audience; it is autonomous, internally fed, sustaining itself beyond the observer's response to it. The best description of its appeal remains Freud's:

> It seems very evident that one person's narcissism has a great attraction for those others who have renounced part of their own narcissism and are seeking after object-love; the charm of a child lies to a great extent in his narcissism, his self-sufficiency and inaccessibility, just as does the charm of certain animals which seem not to concern themselves about us, such as cats and the large beasts of prey. . . . It is as if we envied them their power of retaining a blissful state of mind—an unassailable libido-position which we ourselves have since abandoned.

It is this form of narcissism—ingenuous, autonomous—that, when it is joined to other qualities, makes the teacher memorable. This orientation invites us to identification, to share in its bounty, to seek its protection and care or to join its omnipotence. Yet teachers of this kind are most problematic. They tempt us into regres-

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sions. We may come to feel them to be too exalted to serve as models for us. Or we may feel defeated by them before we begin, thinking that anything we achieve will be only second-rate, that we can never grow up enough to equal them.

The teacher as priest: The priestly healer claims his power not through personal endowment, but through his office: he is the agent of an omnipotent authority. Do we have a parallel to this in teaching? I would say it is the teacher who stresses not his personal virtues, but his membership in a powerful or admirable collectivity, for example, physics, psychoanalysis, classical scholarship. The narcissistic teacher to some degree stands apart from his discipline and seems to say: "I am valuable in myself." The priestly teacher says: "I am valuable for what I belong to. I represent and personify a collective identity."

It is difficult to generalize about this mode of teaching, since the teacher's behavior toward the student varies so much with the nature of the collectivity. It is one thing when the collectivity is coterminous with a subject-matter, and another when it is an enclosed or beleaguered sect within a discipline (for example, the various "schools" within sociology and psychology). Collectivities differ in their openness, their degree of organization, their status vis-à-vis other groups. Some are easy to enter, while others are closed; some are loose and informal, bound by common interest and camaraderie, and others are stratified and formal; some are marginal in status, while others are secure, entrenched elites. Other differences involve the teacher's status in the collectivity: the undergraduate teacher may proselytize, seeking recruits among the promising students; the graduate-professional school teacher will first indoctrinate, then examine and finally ordain the recruit.

To illustrate the teacher's activity in the priestly mode, I will refer to the more enclosed and differentiated collectivities. We generally find the following elements: *Continuity.* The collectivity defines itself along a temporal dimension. It has a version of the past and a vision of the future. In the past there were Great Ancestors whose qualities and trials established the collective identity. There is a program for the immediate future as well as a prophecy of the distant future. One of the teacher's tasks is to help the stu-

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dent absorb the sense of the collective past and accept the common blueprint for the future. *Hierarchy*. Generally (although not always) the collectivity is stratified in prestige and authority. The teacher's personal authority depends in some part on his position on the ladder of authority. While the teacher is superordinate to the student, he in turn is subordinate to more elevated figures. The student internalizes the group's system of hierarchy, and learns that he is beholden not only to his teacher but to other members of the hierarchy. One of the distinctive features of this mode of teaching is that both teacher and student may share a common model or group of models, either exalted contemporaries or Great Ancestors. *Election*. When the group is an elite, when membership in it is desirable and hard to achieve, we generally will find that emphasis is placed on discipline, the enduring of trials and self-transformation. The educational process is in some degree an extended rite of passage; the teacher's role is to prepare the student for the trials he will endure, and to administer the tests that will initiate him. *Mission*. The collectivity often offers a utopian view of the future (especially when it is powerless and competitive) as well as a program for achieving dominance and instituting reforms. In these cases, the teacher's work is informed by missionary zeal; the student is expected to absorb the group's sense of mission and in turn to recruit and socialize others once he himself has achieved office.

There is no question of the potency of the priestly mode of teaching. It achieves its effectiveness for a great many different reasons. Teacher and student are generally in a close relationship to each other. The student is encouraged to model his *activity* after the teacher's, very much as in those charming experiments on imprinting, where the baby duck follows the decoy. We also find a good deal of close coaching, both of behavior and ideology. In most cases the teaching is both positive and negative—that is, the student is trained not only to develop new behaviors, but also is required to eliminate competing or discordant responses. Generally the student is given an unambiguous ideal of character and behavior (he may be allowed, as part of the strategy of training, to feel uncertain whether he is meeting this ideal, but the ideal itself is usually clear-

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cut enough). In some instances the collectivity offers an encompassing doctrine, and the student is exhorted to re-interpret his experiences in the vocabulary of the doctrine; and when this is not the case, the training itself demands so complete a commitment of time and energy that the student's ideational world narrows to include only the collectivity and its concerns. The teacher customarily enjoys a great deal of power in relation to the student, which reinforces the latter's dependency. The student's tie to the collectivity is further reinforced by his close association with peers—rivals, fellow-aspirants, fellow-sufferers—who share his trials, sustain him in moments of doubt, restore his flagging spirits and keep alive his competitive drive. Finally, this mode of teaching is effective because it offers to the student a stake in a collective, utopian purpose, and also a promise of such tangible rewards as power, position, money, intellectual exclusiveness.

Less obviously, but quite as important, the collectivity makes its appeal to the student in helping him to resolve internal confusions. His participation allows a distinct identity choice; it supports that choice by collective approval; it reduces intellectual and moral ambiguity. A great many advantages also accrue to the collectivity; over the short run, at least, it is helped in achieving its aims by its capacity to recruit a cadre of devoted, disciplined believers. (The history of my own field, psychology, has been decisively influenced by the ability of certain schools to select and organize students in the "priestly" framework, an ability that has very little to do with intellectual merit.) But we also must recognize that this mode of education possesses some deadly disadvantages, both to the student and the group. The student purchases direction, force and clarity, but does so by sacrificing some share of his own development; in some important ways he is no longer his own man. For the collectivity the danger is in a loss of flexibility and innovation. (We have a perfect example in the history of the psychoanalytic movement. Through the 1930's it was, in its policies of recruitment and training, the most cosmopolitan of groups, a circumstance that produced an extraordinary boldness and vivacity of thought. Since its capture by American psychiatry it has developed a priestly mode of education, the result being a severe loss in intellectual scope and

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energy. It has now settled into its own Alexandrian age, repeating itself endlessly, living off its intellectual capital, affluent yet flatulent, an ironic example of the failure of success.)

The dominance of this mode of teaching in the graduate and professional schools, while regrettable, is probably inevitable. It is more disturbing to note its steady encroachment in undergraduate education. For many college teachers the introductory courses have less value in themselves than as a net in which to trap the bright undergraduate, while the advanced courses increasingly serve only to screen and socialize students for what the faculty deems "the great good place"—namely, the graduate school. Furthermore, academic counseling at the freshman and sophomore level frequently produces a guerilla warfare between disciplines, each seeking to capture the promising talents for itself, and without too much regard for the student's needs and interests. If matters are not worse than they already are, it is not because the disciplines have any genuine concern for the undergraduate or for liberal ideals of education, but because the leviathans have managed to neutralize each other's demands. Even so, the pressure of required courses and prerequisites serves to force the student into premature career commitment, while the onerous demands on his time (especially in the laboratory sciences, but also and increasingly in other fields) keep him from trying anything else.

The teacher as mystic healer: The mystic healer finds the source of illness in the patient's personality. He rids his patient of disease by helping him to correct an inner flaw or to realize a hidden strength. The analogy here—perhaps it is a remote one—is to the teacher I will term *altruistic.* He concentrates neither on himself, nor the subject-matter, nor the discipline, but on the student, saying: "I will help you become what you are." We may recall Michelangelo's approach to sculpture: looking at the raw block of marble, he tried to uncover the statue within it. So does the altruistic teacher regard his unformed student; this type of teacher keeps his own achievement and personality secondary; he works to help the student find what is best and most essential within himself.

At this point we are uncomfortably close to the rhetoric of the college brochure. This is what the colleges tell us they do; and yet

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we know how very rarely we find altruistic teaching. Why is it so rare? For one thing, it is a model-less approach to teaching; the teacher points neither to himself nor to some immediately visible figure, but chooses to work with his students' potential and toward an intrinsically abstract or remote ideal. For another, this mode of teaching demands great acumen, great sensitivity—the ability to vary one's attack according to the phase of teaching and to the student—now lenient, now stern, now encouraging, now critical.

But the reason that the altruistic mode is so rarely successful lies deeper than these. The mode is selfless; it demands that the teacher set aside, for the moment at least, his own desires and concerns to devote himself without hidden ambivalence to the needs of another. In short, the teacher's altruism must be genuine; and altruism, as we know, is a fragile and unsteady trait, all too frequently reactive, born out of its opposite. If the teacher's selflessness is false, expedient or mechanical, if it comes out of a failure in self-esteem, or if it gives way to an underlying envy—and, in the nature of things, these are real and ever-present possibilities—then the teaching at best will not come off and at the worst may end in damaging the student.

Some years ago I taught at an excellent progressive college that, quite unwittingly, induced some of its younger faculty to opt for a pseudo-altruistic mode of teaching. The college was committed to the ideal of student self-realization, and this was not, I should say, the usual pious cant, but a conscious, deliberate aim that showed itself in day-to-day planning and policy. In pursuit of this ideal, the college authorities stressed altruistic teaching; it was held that talent, productivity and eminence were of only secondary importance in the hiring and firing of faculty, that teaching talent *per se* was primary. Here things went seriously awry; for a variety of reasons, the college managed to attract an astonishing proportion of charismatic teachers—either men of established reputation, or ambitious and talented young men on the way up, but in either case men of great vitality, self-confidence and self-absorption. The presence of these teachers produced a star system: the students, quite naturally, adored them; and they gave the college its distinctive tone—febrile, impassioned.

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When a young teacher was hired by the college it was quite natural for him to gravitate to the charismatic mode of teaching. But sometimes it did not work out for him—he did not have, or felt that he did not have, the necessary resources of talent, drive and "personality." If he wanted to survive at the college (or so he believed) he had to carve out a niche for himself, or even better, make himself indispensable. He had to find a new style, and he was likely to choose altruism, whether or not it really suited him. He played the role of the teacher who had given up his own ambitions to put himself at the service of youth. In some cases, I suspect, this role was chosen coolly and cynically, the teacher reasoning, quite correctly, that the college authorities would find it embarrassing to fire someone who was so true a believer in the college's ideology; in other cases the teacher adopted this role gradually and without deliberation, waking up one morning, so to speak, to discover that this had been his métier all along.

Expedient altruism very rarely came off, either for the teacher or his students. The latter sometimes showed an uncanny, although largely unconscious, sensitivity in these matters—they could sense that the pseudo-altruist was somehow not quite the real thing. They might deem him "nice," "friendly" and "very helpful," but they said so in a forced or lukewarm way that often concealed a polite disdain. The teacher's manner was often so artificial and oversolicitous that students, I think, were made uneasy by it, feeling that they did not really merit all that elaborate concern. This type of teacher tended to attract the marginal and unmotivated students, primarily because he was reputed to be soft. The more serious students continued to prefer the charismatic teacher, however difficult and demanding he might occasionally be; and this was so, I think, not only because of his greater gifts, but also because they would cleave only to someone who showed them that he loved himself.

Expedient altruism produced most of the time a kind of dead-level mediocrity in teaching; students were not much influenced, but neither were they damaged. It was a very different matter when this mode was chosen not as a survival technique but to perform some obscure personal restitution, when the teacher loved his stu-

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dents to avoid hating them, helped them to avoid harming them. As I suggested before, this equilibrium is ordinarily too delicate to sustain, and in fact I know of no examples where the students of the reactively altruistic teacher did not in some way suffer from a breakthrough of envy or sadism on the teacher's part. I remember one man, widely known to be lovable, who was warm and encouraging to his students and who, when their backs were turned, would write the most damning letters of recommendation for them. In another more spectacular instance a particularly sanctimonious advocate of good teaching was fired when his own major students petitioned the college to do so. It turned out that he had the habit of helping his students by being "sincerely frank" with them, expositing their "weak points" at great length and in excruciating detail, and so managing to wound and humiliate them deeply.

This last anecdote reminds us of what might otherwise escape our attention, that the teacher may sometimes serve as a negative or *anti-model*. Here student uses teacher as a lodestar, from which he sails away as rapidly as he can, seeming to say: Whatever he is, I will not be; whatever he is for, I will be against. Teachers who exercise this power of revulsion are, in their own way, charismatic types; indeed, the teacher who is charismatically positive for some will be negative for others. He breeds disciples or enemies; few remain unmoved. If we follow a student's development closely enough we generally discover both positive and negative models; the decision to be or become like someone goes hand in hand with a negative choice of identity and ideal.

An even more important topic on the negative side of modeling concerns the teacher whose value changes—the *disappointing* model. I would not have thought this to be so important—it does not come up in casual conversations on modeling; but close interviewing frequently brings to light examples of disappointments in the model.

Let me suggest why this may be so. It may be trite and facile to say so, but we are led again to the importance of the Oedipal motif, especially where we find a close relationship between teacher and student. These apprenticeships tend to be colored by the student's

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earlier tie to the father; they repeat or complete the Oedipal interaction. For most of us—and for some of us acutely—one outcome of the Oedipal situation was our coming to feel disappointed by the father. When we were very young, we thought him to be grand and omnipotent; then we learned better, and for some this was a galling discovery. In these cases the close tie to an esteemed teacher has the meaning of a second chance, an opportunity to relive and master that early disenchantment. The attempt to cure disappointment, however, generally leads to its repetition. The student must keep up the fiction of his teacher's perfection; any flaw, any failing in the teacher, must be denied out of existence. It is too hard a position to maintain, and sooner or later the discovery of some defect in the now idealized teacher will send the student into a state of acute disappointment.

When the student uses his relation to the teacher in this repetitive way, he is especially vulnerable to any failure in the teacher's work or character. In the main, students are not so vulnerable; they learn to be realistic about their teachers, enough so that they are spared any strong sense of disappointment. Indeed, they manage it so well that we are likely to remain unaware that it *is* a problem, that even the "normal" student undergoes at some time some crisis, however minor, concerning the clay feet of an intellectual idol. I remember a poignant moment when talking to a young man who was telling me of his admiration for a brilliant teacher. After working for this man for some time, it dawned on him that the teacher was in some respects petty, petulant and vain. At first, he told me, he had a hard time reconciling these traits with the man's great intellectual gifts; but then he was able to recognize that the two really had nothing to do with each other. What was poignant—painful in fact—was that the student told me this in a strained, bluff, overly hearty manner that spoke tellingly of the struggle it had been to accept it.

The student's response to disappointment depends not only on his susceptibility but also on the type of flaw he discovers in the teacher. It makes a difference whether or not the failing is *role-relevant*. It puts a greater strain on the student when the model's fault involves role performance than when it is unrelated to how

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the teacher does his work. In the latter instance the student can more easily compartmentalize his view of the teacher.

Probably the most difficult type of failure for the student to accept is a moral one. By "moral" I do not mean, primarily, the teacher's living up to conventional standards in pleasure-seeking; rather I mean such qualities as integrity, fairness, ethical sensitivity, courage. The student is not overly demoralized to discover that his model's ego qualities are not quite what he thought or hoped they were, that his teacher is not as intelligent, penetrating or perceptive as he first appeared to be. It is, indeed, part of the student's maturation that he learn to tolerate this fact, just as the child in growing up learns to give up his belief that the parents are omnicompetent. But a moral failure is not so easily accepted and, if it is serious enough in nature, is likely to be a disheartening or even a shattering experience. When we think of the teacher as a model, we think naturally of the teacher as an ego-ideal—an avatar of virtue—and take for granted, and thus ignore, the superego aspects. Yet some teachers influence us primarily because they embody the moral ideals of the role, or because they represent the unpleasant necessities of work, duty or intellectual honesty. Edward Tolman played such a role for graduate students (and faculty too, I imagine) at Berkeley; many of us were not deeply influenced by him intellectually, but all of us were profoundly touched by his integrity and humility. And Freud has told us how, many years later, he could still recall an incident of his student days when, arriving late to work, he was "overwhelmed by the terrible gaze of his [Brucke's] eyes." Most of us do our work in the silent presence of some such gaze, terrible or (nowadays) merely reproachful.

The teacher's life is as filled with moral tension and ambiguity as any other, but the moral dimension is most visibly operative in areas that do not affect the student (such as departmental politics); consequently, moral issues do not ordinarily become problematic in the teacher-student relationship. But when they do, we become intensely aware of their tacit importance. I know of only one clear-cut occurrence of this kind: a group of students in one of the sciences discovered that their teacher—ordinarily full of pieties about the holy obligations of the scientist—was not entirely responsible

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in his handling of evidence; he was not guilty of outright fabrication but of cutting, fitting and suppressing data to fit the needs of the study. Not all of the students were distraught by this discovery —here again vulnerability varies—but some were entirely demoralized, and in one case a student (who had been sitting on the fence) decided to give up research altogether and choose an applied career.

Those of us who were at the University of California during the loyalty oath troubles had a unique opportunity to observe how the moral qualities of our teachers, ordinarily taken for granted and so overlooked, could assume overweening importance in a moment of moral crisis. It was an uncanny time for us: with one part of ourselves we lived in the routine of things, concerned with courses, prelims, dissertations; and all the while our inner, central attention was elsewhere, held in a fretful preoccupation with the morality play in which our teachers were involved. We wondered how things would turn out, of course, but beyond and deeper than that the intimate, compelling question was whether our models would behave honorably. Most of them did not, although for a time we kept ourselves from recognizing this, largely by allying ourselves psychically with the very few who acted heroically while ignoring the very many who did not. It taught us, on the one hand, that moral courage is possible and, on the other, that it is uncommon. All in all, it was a quick and unpleasant education. Perhaps it is just as well for all of us, teachers and students alike, that serious moral examinations occur so rarely.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

One of the most striking aspects of the human condition is the simple fact that we share the earth with a vast number and a vast variety of other living things. We are enormously different in many respects from any of them, but we are like them all in that they, too, are that mysterious thing, "alive."

Commenting on this fact, William Morton Wheeler, the late distinguished taxonomist and student of insect behavior, wrote:

> Why animals and plants are as they are we shall never know; of how they came to be what they are, our knowledge will always be extremely fragmentary; but that organisms *are as they are*, that apart from members of our own species they are our only companions in an infinite and unsympathetic waste of electrons, planets, nebulae and stars, is a perennial joy and consolation.

When I first read this statement a number of years ago it struck a responsive chord and it must have had a similar effect upon many others. Just suppose, we must all have said to ourselves, the situation were otherwise. Suppose that we were the only living creatures; that we nourished ourselves as the plants do on dead minerals; or perhaps that we were pure lonely spirits, the only sentient creatures in the universe. If that were true we know that for us, at least, the whole experience of being human, of being alive, would be vastly different from what it is.

But I have also often wondered how many of "us" there are. How large, on the other hand, is the number of those directing our civilization to whom no creature other than man is important except in so far as it is useful in some purely practical way?

No other age was ever so thoroughly convinced that man is himself an animal and part of the natural rather than of a supernatural realm. Biology was never before regarded as so important a science and, in its present aims and attitudes, it is a new one. During the century that has passed since Darwin startled the world, biology has concerned itself almost fanatically with the question of *how* plants and animals "came to be what they are"—despite Wheeler's warning that our knowledge "will always be extremely fragmentary." Recently it has more and more boldly asked the perhaps unanswerable question of "*why* they are as they are." But it has also tended more and more to repudiate emotional involvement and to dismiss as mere sentimentality the kind of interest that is still to some "a perennial joy and consolation." As Marston Bates once remarked, a biologist is sometimes forgiven for "loving nature," but only if he doesn't confess his love.

Primitive man revealed his emotional involvement by attributing to animals a consciousness like his own, by clan systems that identified him with one or another animal tribe and, sometimes, by offering a formal apology to those he killed and ate. Some, at least, of the first fathers of biology justified their interest by challenging the theological assumption that animals were created only for man's use. They maintained, as John Ray, the first great English biologist, did at the end of the seventeenth century, that "God takes pleasure that all his creatures enjoy themselves" and that it is man's duty to study them sympathetically because no

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other creature is capable of appreciating the "infinite goodness and wisdom" of the God who created them.

Modern man, having escaped from primitive superstition, having rejected the concept of "God's wisdom" and having come to recognize himself frankly as merely another animal, has nevertheless somewhat paradoxically adopted toward his fellow creatures the Hebraic attitude based upon the assumption that man is fundamentally and eternally different. Instructing Noah after the flood, Jehovah thus advised and prophesied: "The fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth and upon every bird of the air and upon everything that creeps on the ground and all the fish in the sea. Unto you they are delivered." And despite a minority of humanitarians and "nature lovers" the prophesy has been fulfilled. Most animals who have had contact with man have good reason "to go in the fear of him and in the dread of him."

It is only recently that there has been much talk about "conserving" the natural world and most of those who today consider it among the innumerable "problems" with which we are faced think of "conservation" almost exclusively in terms of present and future utility—under which head they rarely include the "perennial joy and consolation" afforded to some by the fact that the living creatures who share the earth with us are "our only companions in an infinite and unsympathetic waste of electrons, planets, nebulae and stars."

Lack of interest in "conservation" either narrowly or broadly defined made, until recently, little difference to our situation because it is only recently that man has become powerful enough to change his environment except over a very limited area. Until a few centuries ago he was a species very thinly scattered over a large earth. In fact, it was not until a few thousand years ago that he could be called a very numerous animal as animals go, and only a few hundred years since he ceased to be, willy-nilly, a part, even a rather small part, of nature. He was clearly and consciously a part of the living community, dependent upon plants and animals for food, largely dependent upon animals even for power. But within a century and a half the balance, so to speak, has shifted more than it had previously shifted in all human history.

Man has multiplied prodigiously. At the same time, his technology has made him less and less dependent upon living things. So much less, in fact, that we sometimes forget that he still is, although remotely, dependent at least upon what grows, even though he is more and more successfully making farming into a mechanical and controlled industry. Indeed, there are those who look forward hopefully to the time when chemistry, having solved the riddle of photosynthesis, will enable man to manufacture his own food in laboratories so that there will be no longer any reason why he should not exterminate every other living creature while his own species proliferates to the point where it needs every available foot of earth simply to stand on and to sleep on.

Nature controlled us until we began, about two centuries ago, to undertake the task of controlling nature. The earth that man made is now beginning to rival the earth that nature made, and released atomic energy has made man for the first time wonder seriously whether he may not end by destroying himself. For perhaps half a million or a million years he was constantly threatened by the forces of nature; now he is beginning to be capable instead of threatening them.

For all these reasons it is more necessary than it ever was before to ask how numerous are those who share William Morton Wheeler's attitude and how important is the ability to feel his joy and consolation if the human being is not to lose some part of that humanity without which he will be the poorer and the less content.

For the sake of argument let us grant something that, as a matter of fact, may not be true—namely, that man himself could survive in a world he had "conquered" completely. Let us suppose correct those who believe that the earth can be man's alone.

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Let us imagine that we have eliminated all of the animals and plants that are no longer necessary to us; that we have used every square foot of earth for homes, factories and farms or, perhaps, got rid of even the farms because we have learned how to synthesize food without the intermediary of plant life. What, under those circumstances, will man have become?

Obviously, he will have ceased to be a part of nature. He will not have any different companions in the adventure of living. The universe will consist of man and the whirl of atoms and stars. He alone will be alive in an otherwise dead world.

Some speculators have imagined, like Bernard Shaw, the beginning of such a time. Man the thinker is alone or nearly alone in the universe. He is almost freed from his body and has become a pure spirit, a kind of god. But even if that should be possible and desirable in some very distant future, the road that cuts us off prematurely from nature threatens to make us, not men like gods, but men like ants.

If I draw the picture of a world from which nature has been banished to make room for man, his machines and his constructions, there are those who will exclaim merely "Why not?" or will argue that, as one biologist has put it, the aim of civilization should be to expand the noosphere until it has become coextensive with the biosphere! To that I can only reply that whether you think this desirable or not, in such a situation man will have broken his connection with the past and become something very different from what he has always been. He will no longer find the world, in Thoreau's words, "beautiful as well as convenient; something to be admired as well as used." "The wisdom of God as revealed in the works of his creation" will be a meaningless phrase. The emotions that have inspired a considerable part of all poetry and music and art will have ceased to exist. Man will have all his experience with things that he has made, rather than with the things that God or nature—choose whichever word you please—has made. No flower will suggest thoughts too deep for tears. Man will know only machines, no longer any things that, like him, are living things.

In psychology, sociology and even biology there is more and more a tendency to think of man as a machine—something that merely obeys laws, responds to conditioning, can be manipulated in one way or another. And I have sometimes thought that the reason for this increasing tendency to regard man as mechanical is simply that more and more of his own experience has come to be with machines. He tends to compare himself with what he knows best, and what he knows best are the machines. Therefore he also is a machine and can be treated and manipulated and repaired like a machine.

By contact with the living nature we are reminded of the mysterious, nonmechanical aspects of the living organism; by such contact we begin to get, even in contemplating nature's lowest forms, a sense of the mystery, the independence, the unpredictableness of the living as opposed to the mechanical. And it is upon the recognition of these characteristics that he shares with all living creatures that any recognition of man's dignity has to be based now that we are so firmly convinced that he, too, is merely an animal.

Man has begun to suffer from what the ancient poets call *hubris*, the pride that goeth before a fall. In the previous history of living things it often has appeared that an animal can be, from the limited standpoint, too successful. It can multiply to a point where it exhausts its environment. There is a possibility that man will do just that. He may become so enormously powerful that he deliberately will destroy the human race in a terrible warfare or, less spectacularly, exhaust the resources of his earth and die, as some think the dinosaurs died, simply because he consumes too much. Conservation in the most usual sense of the word means merely trying to manage resources so that this will not happen.

Should he succeed in so managing his resources, there is the possibility that technology will permit him to survive in prodigious numbers on an earth that supports no other living thing, and that, no longer a child of nature, he thus will be-

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come exclusively the child of his own technology.

This possibility I myself envisage with a horror scarcely less than I feel at the thought of the physical extinction of the species to which we belong. But we cannot want to remain a creature whose intellectual, emotional and aesthetic life retains its connection with what it has been throughout human history unless we have experiences with and take delight in the natural world now tending to disappear. Conservation, to be effective, must include love for the thing to be conserved and a refusal to ask only how useful it is. We must have our own version of what was propounded by Ray. We must assume—whatever words we may use—that "nature's children all enjoy her care" and that they are all part of "the wisdom of God."

Some teachers of biology in the schools and colleges of the United States recently have expressed concern over the fact that theirs is not a popular subject. It is, of course, "required" for premedical students but few elect it unless they already have determined to make biology a profession. Even more alarming is the additional fact that of the few who do elect an elementary course only a very small minority ever choose to pursue the subject further.

Much is being said, not only about the practical importance of science, but also about its importance as a way of understanding and "adjusting to" modern life. Much favorable comment was provoked by C. P. Snow's recent ridicule of the "culture" of the so-called cultivated man who knows little or nothing of modern science. Yet even those students who respond to such contentions seem to prefer the physical to those biological sciences that might seem more relevant to culture as opposed to technology. Nearly all children are interested in animals. Why should so few adolescents care to study them in colleges?

That question is being pondered at the moment by a foundation-supported Biological Sciences' Curriculum Study under the direction of the American Institute of Biological Science. Already an answer to the question has been implied: "Because the biological sciences are improperly taught." Just how they ought to be taught still is being pondered, and although, so far as I know, no member of the study committee has been willing to say simply, "in such a way as to encourage an attitude that includes a sense of the joy and consolation of sharing the universe with other living things," there are, I know, some to whom the encouragement of this attitude is not wholly sentimental and unscientific.

In any event, it very well may be that the attitude of biologists and the way in which they teach their subject may affect as much as poets and "nature writers" what the earth man lives on will be like a century from now.

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Gladys Schmitt

"Jacob and the Angel"

EDMUND FULLER

Gladys Schmitt stands among our contemporary American writers with the solid achievement of seven novels, published between 1942 and 1961. None of them has failed to command respectful attention; most have received notable praise; three can be set among the outstanding books of her generation and seem certain to be read for a long while to come. It is surprising that no survey of this whole body of work has been made before now; it is overdue.

The development of her writing followed an interesting alternating pattern. It began with *The Gates of Aulis* (1942), a long, ambitious modern novel. It was hailed in superlatives, Stanley Hyman calling its writing "astonishingly good . . . unbelievable in a first novel," and Whit Burnett asserting, "She is the American Proust." In 1946 came a work of an utterly different kind, the biblical novel *David the King*. If it surprised the devotees of the first book, it found its own instant praise. Ludwig Lewisohn declared it "one of the most distinguished books written in America in my time," while Louis Untermeyer likened it to the Joseph tetralogy of Thomas Mann. Fast upon its heels, in 1947, came *Alexandra,* another modern story, a rather slight book but sufficient to induce Diana Trilling to compare its author to Willa Cather. 1952 brought *Confessors of the Name,* a vast story arising out of the persecution of Christians under the Roman Emperor Decius in the third century. Among its accolades, Gilbert Highet noted that "Few writers understand even their own time as well as Miss Schmitt understands that almost-Christian Rome." *The Persistent Image* (1955) and *A Small Fire* (1957), both modern, received with more muted praise, broke the precise pattern of alternation. But now, in June of 1961, clearly long in the making, comes her *Rembrandt,* in some ways the proudest and most perfected of her works to date.

Prior to *Rembrandt, David the King* and *Confessors of the Name* stood out as much the major works, although the lesser ones would be a credit to any writer. The predominance of these two may have delayed a systematic appraisal of her work. There is a tendency among our critics to overlook or deprecate what we are forced by prevailing usage to call "historical," "biblical" or "biographical" novels. Because much shoddy stuff or merely competent hack work is so labeled, it takes the reputation of a Thomas Mann or a Sholem Asch to persuade some people of the literary respectability of the forms. Gladys Schmitt, working in all three categories with her illuminating way of seeing the past, demonstrates that we should not allow a hyphenation of the novel to obscure our view of what the gifted artist can achieve in any variety of this protean medium.

A certain silt of canonical critical opinion tends to drift around much-analyzed writers. In approaching fresh ones we are newly reminded that criticism is the journal of an individual's encounters with works of art. It is not an irresponsible, unrooted subjective reaction, for the history, range, forms

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and techniques of the medium are the basis for some demonstrable objective standards. Yet criticism *is* reaction, *is* opinion, *is* liking or disliking, however elaborate the equipment brought to it. As I attempt a brief survey of the whole of Gladys Schmitt's work I am conscious that at the center of my vision are the three big books that are not modern in setting. Although her demonstrated merits cannot be confined to these, although there are many threads of relationship among all her books, I shall probably never read one of her four modern novels again, but *David, Confessors* and *Rembrandt* I shall revisit often.

It is the excellence and magnitude of the people portrayed, the scope of the vision of man that illuminates them, that makes the difference in the excellence and magnitude of these three books compared to the other four. An analogy can be drawn from *A Small Fire.* Frieda Hartmann speaks of "the difference between my flat, dry speaking voice and the ardent outward flow of my singing voice." This expresses the difference I find between much of Miss Schmitt's writing in the modern books and the passionate soaring in the others.

A separate essay could be, and no doubt some day will be, written about the modern novels of Gladys Schmitt. My present purpose—an introductory essay to explore a few primary aspects of her total work and thought to date—imposes stringent limitations upon me. It projects the historical books into heightened prominence. It precludes the study of many values within individual novels of either category—details of her polished craftsmanship as well as subtleties of characterization and thought that would require close analysis of the separate books. Other studies, in the future, certainly will make up for this lack.

Her modern novels present people subjective to the point of sickliness. There are neuroses, indeed psychoses, to be noted in her historical books, from the madness of Saul to the jealous frustration of Rembrandt's sister Lysbeth. But the frame is more vast; the stature, the magnitude of the whole makes an enormous difference in net effect and value. Moreover, the modern books set forth their stories subjectively in the first person, in two instances, and from the point of view of deeply subjective personalities in the other two.

The atmosphere in her contemporary scenes often is too close for my taste, stifling with its sensory and psychological minutiae. This is the aspect that caused her to be called a modern Proust. I admit frankly that I cannot read Proust and thus am disqualified from appreciating Proust in her. The historical books are essentially objective, by contrast, yet fully as sensitive in perception. Indeed, they achieve even greater penetrations, for an objective sensitivity sees farther than a subjective one, being less confined by a self or a series of selves.

Also there is an insistent overt psychologizing in the modern books that obscures her enormous power to touch the universal. However soundly grounded the broad psychological assumptions may be, they tend to stunt character by implied clinical explanation of it. Sometimes the stature of the characters in the modern books seems insufficient to justify the minute care expended on their portraits. The people of her historical books live and grow more simply and directly, although they spring from the same mind enriched by all the knowledge that is insufficiently assimilated in the others.

The first novel, *The Gates of Aulis,* is a major effort, illuminated at times by her finest qualities. Compared to it, the other modern novels seem to be breathers. It is as if she has been on long expeditions into the hinterlands of the spirit toward the sources of the rivers of life, and that between-times she must relax into the more commonplace and immediate. Yet these books contain the elements of her great themes and preoccupations, quiescent, germinating, waiting for another powerful surge.

Not to set confines upon her range of interest, but as a structure for examination, I suggest three constant themes of her work. These are: love, in a diversity of modes; the creative process, studied in its sources and behavior in several arts (including living); and God, under Whose shadow, in her finest

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books, the other subjects are always seen. A sub-theme, in relation to both God and love, is abnegation or sacrifice, seen both in healthy and sickly forms. The sick self-giving of Ellie Hasselman in *The Gates of Aulis* stands in contrast to the devotion of Hendrijke Stoffels in *Rembrandt* or to the broader giving of the Elder Moyses in *Confessors of the Name.*

In the historical works, but not the modern ones save in parts of *The Gates of Aulis,* she achieves the classical attribute of compelling magnitude. Also, qualities that characterize her treatment of all her preoccupying themes and the drawing of all her characters are a sense of nobility, an awareness of the ambivalence of almost all emotion, an authentic compassion and that smaller province of the same kingdom, tenderness.

The Gates of Aulis treats of love sickened and incapacitated by a neurotic compulsion toward sacrifice. Its two main figures, Ellie Hasselman and her brother Carl, out of a Lutheran heritage that is not an active agent in their immediate family environment, both suffer the conviction that love cannot be permitted, that the flesh cannot be fulfilled, unless tendered upon a kind of sacrificial stone. It is essentially a lack of conviction of their own worth and right.

The title derives from the bold attempt, more important than the sum of the achievement, to construct a vast metaphor from the motif of Iphigenia willingly offering herself as a sacrifice on the altars at Aulis, that the gods might be placated and the Greek fleet granted winds to sail for Troy. Ellie Hasselman is an Iphigenia with no Agamemnon, herself both willing and performing the sacrifice.

Ellie, after a long reflection upon several generations of her forebears (in itself the finest writing achievement in the book, anticipating Miss Schmitt's later powers), concludes: ". . . we are all alike in this: all of us sought and found a sacrificial stone." Her reverie elaborates the analogy:

> Wait—crown the dream with analysis, wash the vision in reason, expose the sea-weed of our sorrows to clean sun so that it will be acceptable to sane and waking men. I cannot excuse our frailty by saying that we were destined for a stone. With logic I can say only that we sought a stone. God-possessed or devil-ridden, passionate or serene, fragile or mighty—in this flaw of the spirit we were and are the same. This is the inheritance that passes to the third and fourth generations. Brother, as Iphigenia went to Aulis to die willingly upon a sacrificial altar so that a fleet might be saved and so that she herself might be reborn, so we will go to Aulis, you and I.

Unfortunately, Ellie has no fleet to launch. Her stone is the bed on which she comforted two feeble lovers, one quickly dead of tuberculosis, one a burnt-out industrialist and minor patron of the arts who re-establishes a waning potency with her and leaves her, to marry a more fleshly creature of his own set. The spell that always commands Ellie's love is the sight of a naked, unappetizing need in others; metaphorically, she is a kisser of lepers, upon impulses less well directed than those of Saint Francis. By all of this, her art as a painter is stifled or twisted.

Carl Hasselman is presumed to have capacities that at no time are wholly convincing. He represents an authentic type all too drearily projected. In the depths of the Great Depression this young sociologist falls under the hypnotic spell of the Luciferian Professor Maurer who takes him up as a protégé. Maurer, theatrically overdrawn as a Communist who by the end has modulated into a Fascist (at a time when Communists were considered a little bit all right, but Fascists clearly bad), confirms Carl's feeling that it is decent to love humanity as abstract masses but somehow corrupting to become involved with persons. As Ellie observes, "For people in general, he'll carry hot coals to the edge of the earth; but he wouldn't burn his hands for any man. . . ." This is far from that excellent Christian concept that Christ came not to save "men" but to save each man. (Miss Schmitt shows her awareness of the fallacy of abstract love in all her books, but perhaps nowhere more pointedly than in a reflection on the teachings of Plotinus, in *Confessors of the Name.*)

At the end of long self-tortures, Carl and Ellie, both at a suicidal verge, break through to save each other. Carl is wrenched out

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of his shell of abstract concern and forced physically to drag the real Ellie of bone and blood up from the gates of death when she has flung herself into rock-filled waters. Gasping in the recovered life, she cries, "if I'd thought you'd come after me . . . you last of all. . . . If I'd known that there was still that much compassion left in this world, I'd never have gone down. . . ."

This ambitious, over-extended, but sometimes powerful novel is a bit pat in its ending: Ellie, free of the sacrificial compulsion, is painting at full power again, and Carl is vigorously in love with a well-fleshed girl who has long been waiting for him to break out of the wraps. Yet the book has valid insights into disorders of love, although less than an adequate concept about their remedy. Whatever its faults, it was a striking debut.

David the King, from its first page, displays a controlled, eloquent and unfaltering prose. The central portrait is done in that largeness of frame and minutiae of detail that she later analyzes in the work of Rembrandt. She has painted her biblical scenes with words as he did them with pigments, somber and vivid at once; dramatic and massive in composition. The book traces a long, subtly modulated progression from the sensuous, bragging, faintly corrupt shepherd boy to the aged, dying King of Israel, exhausted by the journey of the flesh and his grapplings with Jahveh. In its impressive gallery, the second figure is that of the tormented, tragic Saul. Miss Schmitt's ability to capture ambivalence is at its most subtle and complex in this book, not only in the strains of emotion and mingled motive between David and Saul, but within every set of relationships.

We could say that Gladys Schmitt's modern novels are composed in a minor key and the historical ones in a major key. Yet in all the major works, but especially in *David,* the minor strain is present. It wanders like the thin reed voice of oboes through the quiet figurations and counterpoints between the smashing crescendos of her heavy orchestration. It is heard, for instance, in the relations between David and Jonathan, the son of Saul; between David and Michal, the daughter of Saul; and between David and Achish, the Philistine lord of Gath.

Many aspects of love enter the life of David. There is the unmistakably erotic bond between himself and Jonathan, "passing the love of women." It is of some interest to our age that each of these two senses that for them there is no consummation save death. There are both yearning and discipline, a combination not often seen in our literature: ". . . the ancient admonition, the old, unalterable law came between them." But on his deathbed, David perceives what touches not only Jonathan but many other relationships of mankind, that "for those who put off the flesh, there are no interdictions against love."

But the flesh is not slighted. There is a gamut in David's life involving such variations of passion and hunger as those he felt for Michal, partly but not wholly a surrogate for her brother; the child Ahinoam whose patient lot closes bitterly; the lush Bathsheba and, at the end, the little Shunamite, Abishag, who in bed was only bodily warmth to him but in comfort was so much more. With Ahinoam, called Noi, and with Abishag, Miss Schmitt deals with a tenderness that she has matched perhaps only in the bond between Rembrandt and his father, and between the painter and his own dying son, Titus.

Between Saul and David a tormenting tension of devotion and mutual suspicion lies. It is an anguish to the king, contributing to his lapses into madness. Saul, David, the prophet Samuel and Jahveh are involved in an intricate quartet. Insofar as obedience is love, David has loved his implacable God too, and the tenderness mingled in this often bitter bond is shown in the songs of worship and in David's ecstatic dance before the Ark of the Covenant.

The tensions and ambivalences of a father's love are seen in relation to the several sons: Amnon, Adonijah, Absalom and Solomon, of his own flesh, and even in his feelings for Meribaal, son of Jonathan.

In his meditations, the aged David concludes about these diverse relationships: "I loved them all, and the love wherewith I loved them was the same love."

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In the smaller frame of her next novel, *Alexandra,* this unity at the heart of love is echoed in a girl's voice, speaking of many loves: "The same, really. All of them a sort of reflection, like light in a mirror, and all the same."

Another emotion is harbored by old David, the love of remembered trifles, which has an affinity with Thornton Wilder's "value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life." For David it becomes crystallized in a remembered fig tree, the sound of his father's hammer, bread hot from the hearth, and his mother's hand upon the loom.

Even in the weakest of Miss Schmitt's novels, *The Persistent Image,* in which the hero is shrunk to the scale of a dyspeptic record shop owner in mediocre patterns of life, a truth about love lies at the core, deserving a better embodiment. He is incapable of self-transcending love because the child of his beloved is to him a "persistent image" of her previous husband. He breaks these neurotic shackles when the sudden necessity to act for the protection of the child forces him to see her as a person, freeing him to love both the child and her mother.

Gladys Schmitt is, in a special sense, an artist's artist, for the creative processes in several of the arts are an absorbing preoccupation with her. She has remarked that bodies are less permanent than their images in art. She captures that magical transmutation by which the objects of life are reassembled in art, as Rembrandt transmuted faces of his simple family into saints and kings. Ellie Hasselman is a painter and we believe in her talent. Alexandra, in the novel that bears her name, is a gifted actress. *A Small Fire* is about the world of music, its narrator a singer and the other leading figure a pianist. A love for and wide acquaintance with music is reflected in everything she writes. Her concern with painting and with the processes of the artist reaches its culmination in *Rembrandt.*

She knows the discipline of the arts and that self-indulgence is a fatal pitfall in any of them. The most interesting aspects of *A Small Fire* are not in the rather tense story and characterizations, but in the reflections of the teaching processes in a music school. Here she analyzes the techniques of the art and stresses its rigors and austerities.

In *Alexandra* we are shown, flamboyantly but validly, a similar rigor applied to teaching the art of acting, especially in a sequence in which Alexandra is being coached in Cordelia's lines in the fourth act of *Lear.* The artist's temperament, that essential element so often at war with the required discipline, is well remarked in a comment about the young actress:

> It was not that she lied, or even exaggerated . . . it was only that, in every significant moment of her life, she sounded the heights and the depths before she found her bearings on the world.

The young David is asked by Saul about his songs, "Which came first . . . the music or the poem?" He replies, "They come separately, and yet they come together. A little of this calls up a little of that, and so it goes." In this simplicity is summed up much of the art of composition in whatever medium.

Rembrandt searches these questions exhaustively. As a novel of the work and growth of an artist it merits comparison with the high points of *Jean-Christophe* while, at the same time, it is not marked by the unevennesses that mar Rolland's masterwork. I am forced to neglect here how memorably it evokes the man, his family, his circle and his times. Enough to say that it reaches an exaltation and purgation, in the struggles of both art and life, to make one weep. Indeed, Miss Schmitt displays this same high tear-evoking capacity in *David* and *Confessors* as well. It comes from the loftiest responses and is at an utter remove from shallow sentimentality.

Early the young Rembrandt defines the learning process:

> . . . there was little enough to be learned from a master beyond the basic skills . . . a person learned the best and the most of it alone, by cleansing his eyes of every borrowed image and by looking without hypocrisy and self-pity into the recesses of his own heart.

When asked by his friend Dr. Tulp, cen-

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tral figure of his first great *Anatomy Lesson,* why he wants to "stick human beings onto canvas," he replies, ". . . the very act of painting them becomes the best way of seeing them. . . ." Years later he realizes that

it was only in the act of painting—not in meditation, not in converse with his fellows, not even in the act of love—that he could break open the fruit of life and know its ultimate sweetness.

What better insight can we find into the dry periods of an artist's life than is expressed in Rembrandt's sense, at one time, of "painting with increasing mastery and decreasing involvement."

As the novel gathers toward its close we see the strains that motivate the man, "great in his art and great in his spirit," impelled by "the passion, the rage, the grief, the fierce and uncontrollable need to search and to know. . . ." It was not fashions, fads, or favor of patrons, but rather "God and the great dead against whom he had measured himself all his days. . . ." The self-portraits that absorbed him more and more in his declining years were the means of unsparing self-examination. He has learned that "to be human is to suffer bereavement, agony, and death"; that "whatever blunders we make, we can't erase them—we've got to absorb them somehow into the stuff of our lives."

This dying man:

What had he hoped for then? More than he had gotten? No, it was only that what he had gotten was more exalted and more terrible, different only as that which was wrought by destiny or the hand of God was different from what men, poor artificers that they were, fashioned vainly and shallowly in their waking dreams.

He had articulated it early—the nature of the artist's creative process, be it composing, painting, writing: "a struggle between Jacob and the angel." To be great it can be nothing less.

There is not, in Gladys Schmitt's books, an overt commitment to any creed. But there is a profound and brooding sense of God and a vision of man as created and endowed by Him. She has also a deep comprehension of committed lives, both in the Old Testament and New Testament contexts.

The whole of *David the King* is enacted under the shadow of Jahveh. The biblical frame is cruelly large in its demands. It engulfs all who come to it with anything cheaper than its mighty concepts and try to use its narrative frame as a mere outline. But it yields inexhaustible riches to those who will grapple with it, as Jacob with the angel. Gladys Schmitt is such a one. She grasps fully the essence of the Old Testament epic of the houses of Saul and David, which William G. Pollard and Robert Pfeiffer have called *The Hebrew Iliad* in an excellent translation and annotation of the earliest texts of that chronicle.

There is powerful force in the attempt of the sinful servant of Jahveh to repent his murder of Uriah the Hittite. For a long time, like the king in *Hamlet,* he cannot make his words go up. For days he wrestled in agony with this word "repent": "O God, whom I earnestly seek to know, I bitterly repent. . . ." until "the husk of the word was broken at last, so that its essence was poured forth upon him, and he bowed his head upon his knees and wept." And the dying King David reflects:

I have done much evil all my days, but this at least may be said of me—that I knew evil, even when I had done it with my own hands.

I think there is a minor flaw when David, struggling against "the ulcer of meaninglessness" at the core of his spirit, concludes that God sees him not, sees no man, does not look upon the world. I think this is a concept not possible in Old Testament Israel, although it was common for Israel to defy or reproach God. But the dying David urges his spirit, rendering it up eagerly to "that Everlasting Being from whom we issued forth and unto whom we go at last."

In *Confessors of the Name* Miss Schmitt gives her major expression to man's encounter with God in dedication and sacrifice. This is a richly textured canvas of third-century Rome. No small part of its achievement is that the Emperor Decius, the austere virtuous pagan, launching the per-

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secution as part of a futile effort to check the decay of Roman society, is himself movingly, understandingly painted.

His nephew Favorinus, a Stoic, has reached the classical preconditions for conversion. He is haunted by a sense of responsibility for the world he did not make. He yearns for evidence of some "sane, just Force." He cannot accept a world of blind chance: "I reject it, I would rather be a heap of senseless ashes than live my life in such a world." At the end of a long road Favorinus still is a reserved convert, but he confesses the Name and goes to the crimson confession of martyrdom. If he is not unreservedly committed to what the Name is, he has rejected firmly all that is not the Name and he has brought fresh morale to the last band of Christians to die under the Decian persecution.

The picture of the early Church is absorbing and honest. It is especially interesting if one looks back at a secularist's interpretation of that Church offered by Professor Maurer in *The Gates of Aulis*. Possibly no single scene Miss Schmitt has written is more difficult to bring off or more triumphantly purging in its capture of ultimate dedication than the description of Favorinus's cousin Paulina going, with sixty other Christians, to the lions in the Flavian amphitheatre. Here she has caught nobility. An atheist denying the reality of the faith could not deny the majesty of the act.

But not all are called to martyrdom or capable of it. She examines the dilemma of the lapsed Christians; those whose courage failed and who burned the incense on the pagan altars as required by law. The Elder Novatian was adamant about these: they must be excommunicated. The Elder Cornelius and the martyred Elder Moyses, one of her most moving portraits, disagreed. Novatian, the ecstatic mystic, had forgotten Peter's denial of his Lord. It is Moyses, tortured and near painful death, who sends from prison the word:

> Be gracious and forgiving, according to the spirit and the letter of our Redeemer, who died to save sinners. Let the lost sheep, who in their fright and in their childishness burned incense before the daemons, be freely forgiven. Appoint for them a proper period of penance, and let them return thereafter to free-hearted fellowship with their brothers and sisters in Christ. Also to alms and prayers and the breaking of the bread.

Miss Schmitt later shows us Rembrandt van Rijn seeking models for the face of Jesus not among his friends, the rich and cultured Sephardic Jews from Spain, but among the gaunt and fiercely orthodox Ashkenazim, refugees from Poland. So, in large images and small, she weaves into a web her skeins of multifaceted human love, revealing the ways of those most alive of all men —creative and believing men—and their wrestlings with the angel and with God.

She has the classical perception of nobility, that attribute that, before any flaw is discerned, is necessary to make tragedy possible. It permeates all her historical books. The modern ones reveal rather that our framework and vision are shrunken, contracted, collapsed upon themselves. What we see there are evidences of the loss, the sometime groping for nobility, the hunger for it and the anxious uncertainty that it is possible.

Miss Schmitt's whole will and striving in all her books is toward affirmation of man's dignity and personal uniqueness as the flawed image of God. She never goes by cheap ways or uses that easy affirmation that is sentimentality. She knows that the price of grandeur is paid in anguish.

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An Unprofessional Eye

Literary Party

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

All over the city the party sputtered or glowed—in publishers' hotel suites, at the Ad Club and the Lotos Club and the Overseas Press Club and the Carnegie Endowment and the Harvard Club, thirty-three flights up in McGraw-Hill's board room, one flight down in the Park Sheraton, and (at the climax) in the Astor Hotel's grand ballroom, a vast, cheap-gilt, red-beribboned coliseum of New York vulgarity with room for a cast of thousands. And everywhere the guest list swung. *Look, Life,* a Yale professor and a thousand others made it: *Glamour* and the Lubbock *Avalanche-Journal, Esquire* and the National Council of Churches, the Dave Garroway Show and the U. S. Information Agency, Gilbert Seldes and Miss Jerri Schmal, Phoebe Adams of the *Atlantic* and J. Donald of the *Times,* Max Lerner and Alice Dixon Bond, *Partisan Review* and *Good Housekeeping,* the *New Leader* and *Vogue,* the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Nation, Mademoiselle* and *Commentary,* sun-browned Bennett Cerf and blue-shirted Alfred Knopf, Weidenfeld of London and Brendan Gill of New York and Isaac Bashevis Singer of Warsaw and James Baldwin of the South and Cleveland Amory of Society—mass mags, little mags, TV heroes, poets, admen, and droves from almost every commercial book house in the land. . . . The host, a society of citizens (called the National Book Committee) that was charged with the tasks of administering the National Book Awards and of organizing a three-day festival for bookmen, had taken as its goal that of "creating a newsworthy occasion centering on books."[1] And this year as before it was operating on the tested theory that the path to newsworthiness leads directly toward a crowd.

The first assemblage of the crowd—or of a piece of it—was described as follows in the official calendar: "Monday, March 13, 4:00 PM. Pub Adclub: book reviewers' cocktail party; speakers: Morris West, distinguished Australian author of 3,000,000 copy best-seller, *The Devil's Advocate* and Sept. '61 book, *Daughter of Silence;* Mitchell Wilson, scientist, novelist, author of *Meeting at a Far Meridian* published March 1 in U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.; Al Capp, cartoon creator of Li'l Abner, famous American humorist, writer of Herald Tribune Syndicate column giving his hilarious view of the idiocies of modern life. . . ." According to lapel badges, the audience consisted mainly of publishers' publicity departments, reporters and out of town reviewers—men and women especially concerned with what are called literary news angles. And each speaker qualified as a news angle in himself—Capp by virtue of fame, Wilson by virtue of Russian interest in his new book,

[1] The awards in question are given annually to the "most distinguished" works of fiction, poetry and non-fiction produced during the previous calendar year. They consist of three one-thousand-dollar prizes contributed by the Book Manufacturers Institute, the American Booksellers Association and the American Book Publishers Council—the most important industry groups in the American book trade. The prizes were awarded this year (by independent panels of judges) to Randall Jarrell, poet, for *The Woman at the Washington Zoo* (Atheneum), Conrad Richter, novelist, for *The Waters of Kronos* (Knopf), and William L. Shirer, journalist, for *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (Simon and Schuster).

BENJAMIN DEMOTT's column is the second of his reports for the SCHOLAR on events of social, political or literary interest. Mr. DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College.

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West by virtue of an adaptation of his best seller that was shortly to open on Broadway. But the Ad Club program produced more than lines for the subway glance; it sketched in little a problem in collective cultural effort that turned out to haunt the festival as a whole.

The sketch was drafted by the first and last speakers of the day—the novelist, West, and the cartoonist, Capp. The former, a beefy, loose-featured, cockney-voiced man with a dazzling blonde wife, was introduced as a writer "educated at schools of the Christian Brothers order, which he joined as a postulant at age fourteen and left twelve years later without taking final vows." And this suggestion of religious idealism lent sanction of a kind to his address, which was a defense of absolute literary standards. Mr. West told the reviewers gravely: "You are more than monitors of literary performance, you are the custodians of more than two thousand years of belief—belief in an absolute standard of human performance"; he insisted that without this belief men are "peregrinators in a vacuum . . . ants crawling over the carcass of an unexplainable universe"; and he returned again and again to the claim that "the critic must be a seeker." The development of his impressive themes, which was marked by allusions to Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and by steadily rising intensity, required the better part of a half hour; at its completion the novelist sat down to firm, thoughtful applause.

Minutes later a wholly dissimilar point of view was before the house, placed there by Mr. Capp. A jaunty, elegantly dressed, black-haired man who is infectiously fond of his own jokes and inclined to add syllables to long words that please him ("pretent-u-us"), Mr. Capp was positive that entertainment when approved by a hundred million people is art—monitors, standards and custodians be damned. And as indicated he had a speech to prove it, most of which had appeared in one of his columns weeks before. The theme was that exalted literary standards are agents of hypocrisy and self-deception; the tone was mocking. "*Dr. Zhivago,*" said the cartoonist with a chuckle, "is a nonreadable book carried in subways by unmarried women of twenty-eight to attract unmarried men." And the author of this nonreadable book by no means stood alone as a prop to hypocrites. As the names of Pasternak's associates in villainy were produced, winds of hilarity swept the room, and these grew stronger until the end, when—amid cheering applause and preparatory banging of bottles and glasses at the rear of the room—the speaker declared abruptly: "And that's me in your racket," and took his seat.

Considered by itself the difference of opinion thus described was of small moment. Better arguñers than either man could be found for a debate about justifications for literary standards: Mr. West's immensely popular religious novel, over which the gamy scent of the illicit hangs heavy, is not the work of a modern-day Arnold, and Mr. Capp obviously meant first of all to enjoy himself. The response of the audience, though, was a shade less insignificant. Praise and abuse of literary standards were accorded approximately equal approval—and the conversation that followed the formal program was bare of misgivings about this doubleness. (The voices heard were chiefly those saying, "I got your clips, thanks so much," or, "Six *bour*bons? Check.") The old claim that the handmaid of concerted cultural action (in the cause of letters) is neutrality about literary standards might or might not be finicky or priggish—but there was nothing in this occasion to invalidate it.

Nor was there more in the events of the following day, even though one of these events was the actual awarding of the literary prizes. The day began with a luncheon of the American Book Publishers Council; the speakers at the affair were Mrs. Margaret Edwards, a "young adult specialist" in Baltimore's Enoch Pratt Library and a contributor to the *Times Book Review,* and Mr. William Nichols, editor and publisher of *This Week;* the subject was "Tomorrow's Readers and the Critic's Expanding Role." Mrs. Edwards, who spoke first, quickly redefined the announced subject—on the ground that, since young readers abhor authority of any kind, critics have

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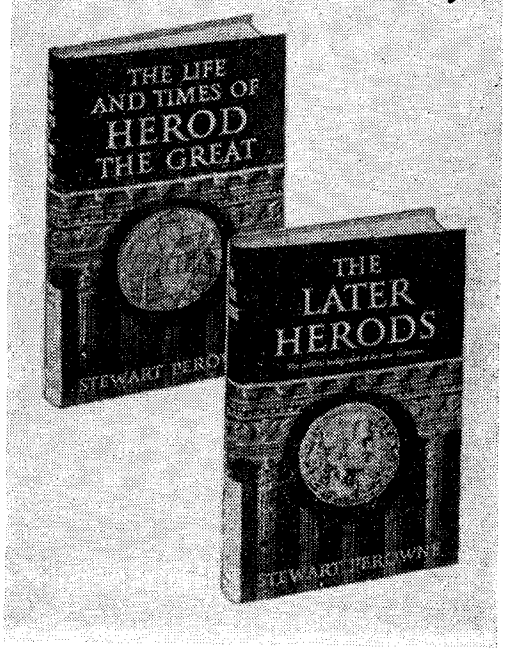

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no role (expanding or contracting) in relation to them. On this lady's view the one feasible subject was tomorrow's readers as today's critics; her talk was a justification of the idea of publishing literary assessments by teen-agers. To clarify the proposals she had in mind Mrs. Edwards circulated a number of copies of a Pratt Library pamphlet edited by Baltimore teen-agers. It was called "You Are The Critic," and contained nothing but teen-agers' reviews ("This novel is written as no one else could have done so but Pearl S. Buck"—Linda Thomas, Edmondson High School).

Conceivably the merits of the enterprise just named overbalance its defects. Youth has been persuaded that its judgments about Fabian and Going Steady are invaluable; therefore it is possible that youth can be made to believe the same about its judgments of books. But as Mrs. Edwards developed her argument, the impression grew that what she sought was something more than an enlargement of adolescent confidence—something closer, perhaps, to total capitulation to youth by the adult literary world. The librarian asked her audience, which had just been enjoying noontime Martinis: "Why not let the teen-agers go to literary parties?" And in her peroration she argued at length for the use by publishers of teen-age blurbs, as in dress advertisements of the Celanese Corporation. Holding aloft a copy of *Seventeen* magazine, she read aloud the remarks of real life teen-agers concerning the apparel on their backs ("Pattie Page of Baltimore says, 'This is the most. . . .' "). "The girl in the advertisement," she explained, "tells how the dress enhances her social life"—and if the same theory were applied in book ads, who could tell what the consequence might be? Dismissing Mrs. Edwards' views out of hand obviously meant dismissing the claim that a stronger engagement between youth and books is desirable —a senseless gesture. But still: *was* there a point of entry (in her program of total mobilization against apathy) for the idea of a genuine literary standard?

The second speaker was Mr. Nichols, who, like many entrepreneurs engaged in purveying a mindless version of American life to a clientele of millions every week, was interested in persuading people to a positive attitude toward his journal. He had arranged to supply the members of his audience not only with two copies of his speech (he had insufficient time to read the full text aloud), but with a recent issue of *This Week* that was said to contain matter with a bearing on a public relations campaign called "Wake up and read." The matter was a five-hundred-word article, headed "Teen-age Reading is Making News," that listed twelve books favored by teen-agers. Written in the folksy-complacent tone of the rest of the magazine (*"This Week*'s quarterly survey shows our high-schoolers like good books"), the piece was run beneath a half-page picture of a high school paperback book store that "does a booming business." And it was surrounded by announcements of a "Name this race horse" contest sponsored by Kentucky Club tobacco, and preceded by articles on What Vitamins Do You Need? Danny [Kaye] and Dana [Wynters] Prove It Takes Two to Make Trouble, The First Polaris Peace Patrol, Mr. Hoover's Magic Pipe, What You Don't Know About Ireland and The Art of Relaxation ("Words to Live By").

The latter piece, to give it a word—and the word is by no means irrelevant—was an especially striking specimen of mass culture flatulence. Appearing on the masthead page, set and arranged "invitingly" in enormous type, it was described as "No. 6 in a series of 8 essays on The Art of Living by Wilfrid A. Peterson." It began as follows:

> Modern man must learn to break the tensions of daily living or the tensions will break him. He must learn to bend with the stresses and strains like a tree in the wind, and spring erect again after the storm has passed.
>
> He first relaxes his mind by thinking thoughts of peace, quietness and tranquility. He mentally pictures the placid pool amidst whispering pines and puts himself in tune with nature's calming mood.
>
> He strives to carry an inner serenity with him so that even amidst a whirl of activity he will not lose his poise.

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—Milton's *Areopagitica,* for example—could feel that a periodical did him a service by describing three hundred words of puerile cant as an essay; and no editor who sports even with as innocuous a term as "essay" earns the right to pass himself sternly off in public as a defender of culture and a moral leader. But the latter was Mr. Nichols' effort ("I am suggesting," said his luncheon speech addressed to reviewers, "that you adopt a moral attitude or position in the work that you do"). The editor whose masthead page recommended "thoughts of peace, quietness and tranquility" abused magazines that offer "blind escape":

> . . . we can observe two trends in American life —and mass media, including both newspapers and books, are involved in both of them. One is to exploit . . . loneliness in negative ways, offering various and often harmful forms of anodyne and blind 'escape.' The other is to encourage the development of those resources and disciplines which contribute to the inner growth of the free individual.

And elsewhere in his speech the sponsor of "essays" on Danny Kaye and magic pipes addressed himself to the role of the mass media in maintaining the "ancient concept of sound minds and sound bodies":

> We cannot afford to ignore Eliot's warning that we may now be entering a period of what he called "no culture" and that then, as he said, "culture will have to grow again from the soil."
>
> We are the custodians of that soil. If the mass media can help maintain a free society, the ancient concept of sound minds and sound bodies for the total population, then intellectual and aesthetic growth will naturally follow. But if society declines into decadence and delinquency, then talk about aesthetic and intellectual values simply doesn't matter any more.

As this summary indicates, the sense that all distinctions of significance were breaking down—in the interests of collective cultural action—was if anything stronger at the ABPC luncheon than at the party the day before. Granted the need for programs that do not frighten anyone off: was it essential to advise *instructing* inexperienced readers to trust no judgment save their own? Granted that impact depended upon bringing every "literary force" under the umbrella: was it essential that editors and publishers who even now are playing a part in heightening resistance to the black hard page of steady streaming print, who are actively debasing the coin of language, be invited to lecture the reviewer on his obligation to moralize his song? The events that followed the luncheon—press conferences, photographers' sessions, speeches of acceptance by the NBA winners—did little to cast these questions out of account.

But this is not to say that the ceremonies involving the winners went off less than superbly well. For Mr. Shirer, the meeting with the press and with an audience hopeful of entertainment could not be spoken of as an ordeal: he is himself a member of the press, a figure regarded with no touch of suspicion. Mr. Richter refused to testify at the press conference, or to speak in the grand ballroom, on the ground that he was not an experienced orator. Mr. Jarrell elected to meet the challenge, and his performance was first-rate—a blend of wit, tact and ease that relieved and charmed his audience. As *Time* told, he faced down a number of tired questions about obscure poetry with amusing remarks about much-admired but difficult-to-understand professional football players. In unexasperated answer to a series of tendentious inquiries about whether it was good for poets to teach, he twice repeated: "I'm crazy about teaching myself. . . . If I were a rich man, I would pay money to teach." He praised his praiseworthy contemporaries justly and teased the San Francisco School without rancor, and he answered queries about the "decline of culture" with words that neither denied his own momentary pleasure in the fact that, declining or not, his culture had undertaken to recognize him, nor affirmed a larger hope than this circumstance in itself warranted. The mild, pleasant, accepting man who appeared before the great ballroom throng was not easy to connect with the acid speaker of *Pictures From an Institution,* Mr. Jarrell's novel, or with the voice heard in his *Losses.* And his speech of acknowledgment, which ended with a quo-

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tation from Dostoevsky and a mock-warning against poetry as "a vice," pressed innocence and domesticity a trifle hard at the beginning.

But poets are various men, and it could not be claimed with assurance that in adapting to the contrarieties around him this poet (in baseball parlance) took much off his deliveries.

His trumph, though, was that of an entertainer, not of a poet: the audience was engaged and won by a star. The reservation is not trivial. Implied demands for entertainment, when met by poets, have done damage not only to individual talents but to the taste of the minuscule poetry-reading public that survives; evidence on the point is available even at this moment in the careers of several living poets old and young. Mr. Jarrell is a man of great personal control; he has spent much of his life on public view in the classroom and lecture hall; he knew he could trust himself. But these circumstances in themselves constitute no argument for collapsing distinctions between the writer and the entertainer or the politician. Among the press expectations are still less than overpowering that a sober writer will be a capable or exciting public performer. What is accomplished by stimulating such expectations? When writers face challenges remote from the challenges of writing itself, who profits? How is such a profit to be justified?

There are answers, of course—answers of weight. The creation of "newsworthy occasions centering on books" unquestionably can help to strengthen the position of the lone, nonprofessional American reader who needs assurance that books and bookishness are parts of normal existence. Observers aware of the facts of experience that lie behind such commonplaces as, "Bookishness is un-American," know that the need for this assurance is urgent. Much to its credit the Book Committee placed on its calendar a panel discussion about the situation of "The Inquiring Mind" in American society that succeeded in offering a fresh and telling definition of this need. The occasion mentioned, a reverberant session, was sponsored by the Woman's National Book Association; the participants were Cyril O. Houle, a professor at the University of Chicago, three reviewers (from the Chicago *Tribune,* the New York *Herald Tribune* and the *Christian Science Monitor*), and a Brooklyn librarian. The report by Dr. Houle under discussion (an investigation of American reading habits) established that reading has come to depend upon the "enclave": a group of people—a neighborhood, a club, a local chapter of a national organization—with shared interests. To follow the explanations offered was to grasp that the current socialization of reading has no point of contact with, say, the hearthside telling of Biblical tales; that socialization is a means of achieving a kind of necessary redemption; that only by locating himself in an enclave can a reader give and receive assurances to assuage the guilt incurred by the act of separately cultivating a garden. The pathos of the situation was focused in the remarks of lone readers quoted by the sociologist: "The men at work are distrustful of me. . . ." "They call me the Professor. . . ." "They think I'm Einstein. . . ." "They think I'm creepy. . . ." "They think I'm crazy. . . ." "They think I'm a maniac. . . ." And the effect of the evening was to intensify respect for those who, in undertaking national book campaigns, have the need of such readers clearly in their minds.

And these are hardly the only needs that justify collective cultural action—or newsworthy events. If the case for the latter rests in part on awareness of the plight of the lonely reader in search of redeeming groups, it also rests upon a sense of the need of the writer for recognition—for some public sign that *he* exists, that *he* matters. It is beyond doubt that NBA winners are gratified, are encouraged in their sense of their own quality. "I feel," said Mr. Jarrell, "—but I don't need to tell you how I feel; *you* know how I feel; how would you feel?" And other writers have gone farther in testifying to the effect of winning this notable prize. Marianne Moore told an inquirer:

The National Book Award affected me as a person—gave me confidence in my work and a feel-

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ing of optimism as regards the public. The Award indeed has been a lasting encouragement to me, has lent my work value to myself and is an eternal incentive.

And Wright Morris once said:

For a writer like myself—a stranger to that public only at home with Nationally Advertised Brands—the Book Award is an experience that strains the fabric of both fact and fiction, and would require a novel to assess what it has done to the lucky author. . . . Any wind that airs the mind, and blows the writer into new experience, pleasant or unpleasant, is a favorable wind and so I have found it: my sails are still full of it.

That there *are* needs, and that cultural mobilization can work to satisfy them is, in short, past doubt. But this admission does not alter the truth that in 1961 mobilization for the arts demands a subtler sense of standards, compensations and contradictions than could be detected in the NBA affair. There are many items now available that could help to create this sense: the writings of Mannheim, for example, or, nearer at hand, a useful essay of Ernest van den Haag (printed in this journal a year ago) that puts the problem as follows:

. . . the analogy between political issues and cultural issues . . . is inappropriate. Political issues, by whatever means they are decided, require collective action. Taxes cannot be levied only on those who feel they benefit proportionately from a pattern of public expenditure, or on individuals who are willing to vote for them. With art and literature it is otherwise, or it was. They could be cultivated by intellectual elites, without mass participation. This is becoming less possible every day. Mass culture threatens to decide cultural issues by a sort of universal suffrage. This is a threat to culture, not an occasion for rejoicing. For once cultural issues are regarded as indivisible, the majority view will prevail—and the majority prefers entertainment to art.

And there were signs during the three-day assemblage itself of a kind of general consciousness of the ultimate need—consciousness that the effort at mobilization had united some forces that were unfit to serve each other's ends. The audience's loud approval of the principal speaker at the Award Ceremony, Marya Mannes, indicated that she had eased a general guilt by complaining (with minimum specificity) about "money thinkers"—admired figures in the world of communications, and elsewhere, who are engaged in destroying for profit the integrity of human imagination or of natural process. And perhaps it is not frivolous to read the high rate of alcohol consumption at the affair as evidence of an intuition, held at some level of consciousness, that the requisite cohesion could only be artificially induced and maintained. The three-day calendar was dense with marathon cocktail parties and, to judge from the summaries of the more durable participants, only at the very end did these succeed in establishing genuine harmony. ("You should have stayed on for the cocktail party on Wednesday night which lasted until the wee hours of Thursday morning," wrote one principal. "No one was pressing anyone, no one was there to speak about anything, and by the time we left we were all just a gang of old friends.")

As goes without saying, the gang of old friends thus created had nothing to do with the choice of the three "most distinguished" books of 1960—a choice that, although as open to criticism as any declaration of preference, was honorable and defensible. And had there been no party and no crowd and no gilt ballroom for the announcement of the choice, in itself a reassertion of serious standards, there would not have been a "newsworthy" event—that contrivance upon which the success or failure of the modern common cause entirely depends. The irrelevance of the easy simplicities of praise and blame, however, does not signify that the NBA, or any other effort at collective cultural action, would profit in no way from harsher self-scrutiny than it has yet received. A meeting between specialists in lung cancer and managers of tobacco companies that might otherwise be productive would be meaningless if the groups simply congratulated each other, before newsmen, for shared interest in the comfort and pleasure of mankind. The hard truth borne out by this year's NBA is that the rule for encounters of literary men and mass hucksters is precisely and irrevocably the same.

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The Revolving Bookstand

Technology and/or Community

GROWING UP ABSURD. *By Paul Goodman. Random House. $4.50.*

Reviewed by KENNETH KENISTON

Most critics of American society today agree in their general diagnosis of the problem: technology, science, industrialism and "instrumental" rationality have undermined important qualities of preindustrial society —the sense of community, the "cake of custom," the sureness of the older morality. Maurice Stein, in *The Eclipse of Community,* summarizes thirty-five years of American community study in similar terms:

> Substantive values and traditional patterns are continually being discarded or elevated to fictional status whenever they threaten the pursuit of commodities or careers. Community ties become increasingly dispensable. . . . On the one hand, individuals become increasingly dependent upon centralized authorities and agencies in all areas of life. On the other, personal loyalties decrease their range with the successive weakening of national ties, regional ties, community ties, neighborhood ties, family ties and finally, ties to a coherent image of one's self.

In Robert Redfield's terms the technological order has shattered the moral order and has provided no satisfactory substitute.

But critics differ in their interpretations of why this has happened, and in their corollary suggestions as to how the situation can be changed. On these questions two essentially conflicting schools of thought can be distinguished. One group, whom we can call the institutionalists, see the problem as technology run wild, scientific modes of thought inappropriately pervading morality and institutional forms, industrialism becoming not only a technique of production but a way of life. The trouble with this technological age is that it is *too* technological; correspondingly, solutions must be found by *limiting* the effects of industrialism and reconstructing older myths, institutions and values. Such institutionalists are often politically conservative; the Southern agrarians, the neo-conservatives and those who call for a new myth or ethic are usually in this camp, as are some of the more nostalgic anthropologists.

On the other side are those we can call the instrumentalists. They deplore not the break with the past, but the incompleteness of this break. For them, the American problem is essentially a study in cultural lag: preindustrial values, motives, myths and institutions have persisted into the industrial age, preventing the gains that scientific thinking, industrialism and technology should have brought. The technological order has *insufficiently* changed irrational areas of institutional value; we must more completely *abandon* the past and seek solutions based on the intellectual instruments of our technological advance. Instrumentalists usually minimize the need for older forms of social cohesion like the nonrational sense of community, faith, the mythic understanding of the universe, patriotism and the sense of vocation. If extended far enough, considerations of reasonableness, function, utility and science can provide an adequate basis for community and enable the individual to make sufficient sense of his life. The political and social views of such thinkers are usually radical; Veblen, Dewey and many functionalists and technocrats approximate this position.

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KENNETH KENISTON completed his doctorate in philosophy and psychology in 1956 at Oxford, where he was a Rhodes Scholar. He is now a lecturer on clinical psychology at Harvard and is working on a study of youth and alienation. His article, "Alienation and the Decline of Utopia," appeared in the Spring, 1960, SCHOLAR.

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sification. Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd* is an extraordinarily good and important book—the best book I know on the subject of youth—and it appears to fall squarely between these two schools. Goodman sounds like an institutionalist when he speaks of vocation, dignity, patriotism, community and faith as lacking in the making of men today; yet in his solutions he appears to be an instrumentalist, urging the completion of the aborted revolutions of the twentieth century. One of the problems of his book is to understand how he reconciles these two apparently contradictory positions.

The main thesis of *Growing Up Absurd* is that the disaffection of the young—whether beat, square or delinquent—is a product of the inanity and inadequacy of what he calls the Organized System, which offers the young few opportunities for manliness, vocation, dignity, community, patriotism, useful work, et cetera. "Growth," he argues, "requires adequate objects in the environment to meet the needs and capacities of the growing child, boy, youth, and young man," and his book is an account of the overwhelming inadequacy of our urban environment to these needs and capacities. "Our abundant society is at present simply deficient in many of the most elementary objective opportunities and worth-while goals that could make growing up possible"; "it is desperately hard these days for an average child to grow up to be a man, for our present organized system of society does not want men. They are not safe. They do not suit."

Any massive indictment of society is bound to mobilize the reader's resistance, and Goodman's style will make it even harder for many readers to take his book as seriously as it deserves. He writes in a breezy, hortatory, conversational way, sometimes cautioning and cajoling the reader in a parody of *Time*-style, sometimes exaggerating outrageously for rhetorical effect, sometimes capitalizing ironically (Belonging, Creation, Role Player, Thought). The very speed and brilliance of his argument is easy to confuse with mere facility: he trips from Delinquents and Hipsters to Organization Men and the Beat, from Genet and Tolstoi to *Life,* from personal anecdotes and quotations from his own novels to a relentless attack on Governor Rockefeller's remedies for delinquency. Furthermore, Goodman's background will make him suspect to the more academic reader: a self-styled "man of letters in the old sense," he is simultaneously novelist, "gestalt" therapist, poet, literary critic, city planner, essayist, teacher. The net effect of the book is like listening to Goodman deliver a violent, brilliant philippic, aimed at personally taunting, wheedling or scaring the reader into taking arms against the Organized System. It is all too easy to react to such a harangue by merely liking the speaker or wondering what got him so hot under the collar, without listening to what he has to say.

The fact is, however, that Goodman's is a serious, profound and old-fashionedly moral book. With great originality and lucidity, he argues that the Organization Man, the beat and the juvenile delinquent are merely different reactions to the same basic problem—how to grow up in a world in which the basic image of society is "an apparently closed room in which there is a large rat race as the dominant center of attraction." The System is "without regard for utility, quality, rational productivity, personal freedom, independent enterprise, human scale, manly vocation, or genuine culture." In detail, Goodman analyzes the absence of "manly work" for youth, the refusal to take young men's aspirations seriously, the new class and status system that is replacing the old upper-middle-lower divisions of society, the "senseless waste" of human resources, the lack of a "big environment" that could inspire patriotism and the difficulty of "Faith," which he defines as "the sense that life is going on and the confidence that the world will continue to support the next step of it."

Goodman provides a historical explanation for these failings in his last chapter, "The Missing Community." Here he argues that "the accumulation of the missed and compromised revolutions of modern times, with their consequent ambiguities and so-

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cial imbalances, has fallen, and must fall, most heavily on the young, making it hard to grow up." He lists twenty-odd "missed revolutions," among them technocracy, urbanism, New Deal, syndicalism, production for use, democracy, liberalism, fraternity, pacifism, modern science, sexual revolution and progressive education—revolutions that have "shattered the community that was, without an adequate substitute." For Goodman, to relieve the plight of the young means primarily to complete these revolutions. "We have no recourse to going back, there is nothing to go back to. If we are to have a stable and whole community in which the young can grow to manhood, we must painfully perfect the revolutionary modern tradition we have."

Seen in the context of the traditional incompatibility of institutional and instrumental social criticism, Goodman's recommendations are puzzling. For in order to restore the lost institutional values of community, decency, patriotism, faith and vocation, he proposes completing the very revolutions—technological, scientific and industrial—that have historically played a major part in destroying the old moral order. Like many instrumentalists, Goodman believes that the problem lies primarily in the incompleteness of the revolutions that have undermined the values he espouses. But unlike most instrumentalists, he paradoxically justifies the completion of his revolutions by an appeal to predominantly institutional values. Complete the revolutions of the twentieth century, he implies, and there will be "adequate objects" to grow up to. Far from being incompatible as in the past or present, institutional and instrumental orders are essential to each other in Goodman's view of the future. How does he manage to reconcile his technological revolutions with the needs of community?

His ability to integrate the two positions depends primarily on his psychology, on his view of what (young) people *really* want from their life and society. Goodman's psychology is curiously old-fashioned, despite his Reichian emphasis on sex and his willingness to see behavior in *this* society as an expression of unconscious needs. In the last analysis, his youths are practical, adaptive, sane, hearty young men, filled with a sense of workmanship; they want healthy and relevant "objects" like good sex, a decent, sensible life, a utilitarian, "neo-functional" society, a world in which little is wasted and men work because it is truly "manly" to work. But for the depravities and stupidities of our present society, Goodman implies, switchblades, tailfins, Madison Avenue opportunism, delinquent fatalism and beat personal mysticism would have little appeal to the young, who really want to occupy themselves with more sensible things. Youth's "real" aspirations and needs are eminently reasonable, if only we understand them; it is our society that forces young men to irrationality.

Goodman thus makes his young men "really" want precisely the things they would get were the aborted revolutions pushed to completion. This view of human nature lets him redefine many of the values whose absence he, along with the institutionalists, decries. Take his definition of "Faith," quoted above. Faith is usually associated with religion and with the nonrational or the irrational. But for Goodman it becomes a kind of biologically adaptive confidence in the life process, akin to Erik Erikson's notions of that "basic trust" that the infant first learns at his mother's breast. Similarly, Goodman's comments on patriotism assume that patriotism is what follows when there is a worth-while "big environment" to be patriotic about; patriotism, too, becomes a highly rational response. Or again, his discussion of vocation implies that work bears a close and integral relation to life only when that work makes good utilitarian sense. (As repairing tailfins, for example, does not.) Even his notion of community presupposes that a sensible, wasteless, functional, utilitarian society provides the best basis for community; and this is what young men really want. In short, he redefines institutional values in such a way that they can be fully realized only in an instrumental society.

Goodman's psychology is thus optimistic and revolutionary. The logic of his argu-

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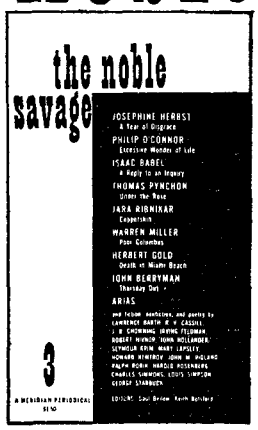

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ment agrees with the recent work of Herbert Marcuse, *Eros and Civilization,* and that of Norman Brown, *Life Against Death.* They argue, in different ways, that the history of mankind so far is the history of what Marcuse calls "surplus-repression" by society. Goodman, too, both in his psychology and in his redefinitions of institutional values, implies that we have never realized a fully humane society in which man's real nature could be directly expressed—although he now finds such a society conceivable. For in fact all previous societies fall as short of his ideals as does this one. Indeed, in other times and cultures, the role of unreason, cant, myth, fraudulence, social oppression, waste and the thwarting of youth's real aspirations has been, if anything, greater than in our own. Growing up could make sense only in a radically changed world, and Goodman proposes we start making the changes.

But is he right in his first assumptions about what youth "really" aspires to? And relatedly, is it likely that in his world of "completed" revolutions, the institutional values he prizes would really flourish? *Growing Up Absurd* testifies, I think, that Goodman is at least partly right: for by pointing to those of youth's aspirations that *are* really decent, sane, practical, functional and even noble, he is able to show how few of these aspirations the Organized System can even take seriously, much less fulfill. But Goodman also believes that the irrational and the unconscious in today's youth is primarily a product of our irrational system; after the incomplete revolutions are completed, he foresees no further need for evasive flights into the role-playing, premature fatalism or personal mysticism that are symptomatic of the System's failings. Here I think Goodman is wrong, just as I doubt that *all* of youth's real aspirations are—or ever will be—as sane, healthy, uncomplicated and sensible as he makes them.

Indeed, one of the lasting contributions of Freud and his followers has been to show that all men—whether by nature or by the frustrations inherent in growing up—have unconscious motives, some of which are highly destructive. Many of youth's aspirations, I would guess, are deeply bound up with just these motives; and it would seem to me wrong to label these aspirations less "real" than those more noble motives that Goodman exploits for his argument. Furthermore, another consequence of most psychoanalytic views is that no matter how much we improve society, although we may lessen such ignoble motives, we cannot destroy them altogether. In any future society as now, at least some men, at least some of the time, will hanker after destructive or self-defeating ends; and there will be many others who will be drawn to what Goodman calls the "psychological techniques of revivalism or physical techniques of sacramental magic." I agree that many of these motives are unhealthy; but they seem just as "real" as the desire for manly work—only less good.

Goodman also denies the "reality" of many philosophical, metaphysical and ideological questions: and in so doing he blinds himself to the role they play in youth's disaffection. He makes ferocious (and unfair) fun of an unfortunate Dr. Douglass who called for a "new ethics," arguing parenthetically, "Dr. Douglass' intellectual approach cannot work." And speaking of the man who asks after the meaning and justification of his life, he cavalierly comments, "The bother is that the question has arisen and begun to plague him. If the *question* arises, as an important question, something is wrong. . . ." In other words, philosophical questions such as these are to be treated as symptomatic (of social disorders) and not taken seriously. ". . . if a man's developing needs and purposes do indeed keep meeting with real opportunities, no 'final' questions are asked."

Here I think Goodman makes his greatest mistake. For I would suppose that man (in contrast to other healthy adaptive animals) is precisely that animal who cannot be healthy *unless* such "final" questions are answered, and answered tolerably well; and that among the "real objects" (like "good sex" and "manly work") that a youth needs to grow up are a viable set of answers to these "final" questions. Psychoanalysts use the term "object" to refer to anything, ma-

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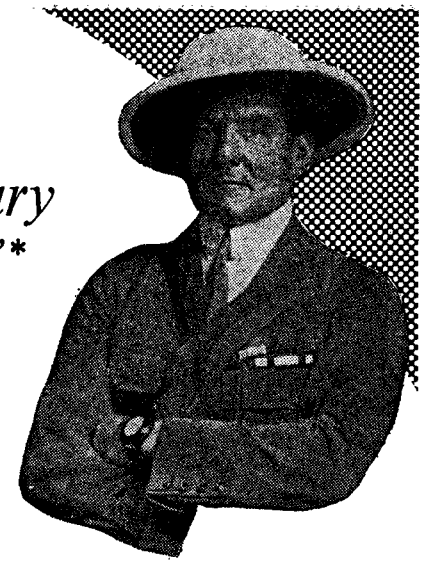

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terial or immaterial, to which a person can become attached; but Goodman insists characteristically on a materialistic interpretation—"real objects" are for him primarily "objective opportunities" one might seize, but seldom answers to "final" questions that might give coherence, meaning, unity and justification to the cycle of life. Asking final questions is not "merely" symptomatic, unless of man's basic nature as man; and the present lack of viable, relevant, beautiful and important answers to final questions may constitute a greater lack of "real objects" in a youth's environment than the unavailability of good sex or manly work. As Erikson suggests, youths need not only adults to "guarantee" their fledgling identities and "objective opportunities" for decent work and play, but they need to achieve their own "ideology," which Erikson defines in Shaw's words as "a clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory."

Goodman's reconciliation of the claims of institutionalists and instrumentalists is accomplished only by attributing heightened reality to the more decent and noble of youth's aspirations, and by redefining the institutions of the moral order in an instrumental way. This solution is a little too neat: it inevitably misses the point that institutionalists try to make—namely, that man has needs and aspirations that cannot be satisfied entirely by technological strategems like scientific openmindedness, neofunctional planning, progressive education and industrial democracy. Among these needs will always be some we consider unhealthy, unconscious and devious, and some that require more embracing statements than science can provide about the mystery, meaning, justification and beauty of life and society. Without such embracing statements—"religious," mythical, nonscientific—I doubt that any society, however sane, functional, scientific or experimental, can adequately provide the kind of community Goodman values. And if young men can achieve a "clear comprehension of life in the light of an intelligible theory," growing up can sometimes make sense even when society is, as now, absurd.

Perhaps Goodman, in line with his rejection of "final" questions, would agree of his own book that "the bother is that the question has arisen and begun to plague him." But I would not. For one of the many virtues of *Growing Up Absurd* is precisely that it does ask "final" questions about youth and society, and that, unlike most books critical of American society, it dares conceive a world radically and utopianly different from the present. And whatever doubts I may have as to whether the world envisaged by Goodman would completely solve the problems he so brilliantly analyzes, I have no doubt that such a world would make growing up substantially less absurd.

A Pioneering Effort

AFRICAN VOICES. *Selected and edited by Peggy Rutherfoord. Vanguard. $3.95.*

Reviewed by ARNA BONTEMPS

This is a book to ponder, not because everything in it is excellent or even satisfactory but because some of it is and because as a whole it may be said to mark a kind of starting point. The first collection of its kind to be published in the United States, possibly the first anywhere, *African Voices* consists of stories and tales, poetry and parables, fragments of novels, an extract from a speech by Kwame Nkrumah, a chapter from Peter Abraham's autobiography, and three separate preliminary statements called, respectively, "Foreword," "Preface" and "Introduction."

On the whole the writing belongs to the present, but the editor has hinted at ancient roots of the spoken and written arts in the

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ARNA BONTEMPS traveled and lectured in East Africa last year under the auspices of the African Universities Program. He is head librarian at Fisk University and the author of novels, poetry, essays and children's books, including the *Story of the Negro,* which received the Jane Addams Children's Book Award in 1956. His *One Hundred Years of Negro Freedom,* based on research begun in 1949 on a Guggenheim Fellowship, was published in May.

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dark continent by including a passage from the Ethiopian "Kebra Nagast" (The Glory of Kings) and by alluding to Lokman, the black slave fabulist mentioned in the Koran and believed to have been the originator of this literary form, as well as to Aesop, another African slave out of Ethiopia. The connection seems appropriate. Writers as well as politicians of the emerging African nations have been quick to associate themselves with these traditions. Willy-nilly the word *renaissance* is being applied.

If the product seems scanty beside the sixty-four books by West Indian Negroes published in England in the last ten years (including those of E. R. Braithwaite, Edgar Mittelholzer, John Hearne, George Lamming and V. S. Reid), for example, or the output of Negro authors in the U. S., reasons are apparent. Conditions favorable to literary expression are not yet widespread, and the influence of the missionary, which shows through much of the writing here collected, was not an unmixed blessing. Western education, printing presses and the art of the translator as fostered and employed by the missionary provided certain essentials, but they were not always unaccompanied by damaging attitudes of racial superiority.

The anthologist has chosen to group her selections by geographical region rather than by literary form or chronology, and the results are about as unclear as most superimposed divisions and boundaries in Africa. Moreover, even allowing for the difficulties that must have been encountered in this pioneering effort, one wonders whether the Africans writing in French, such as the *Présence Africaine* group, are adequately represented.

Among the more arresting of the writers included, however, are some whose talents have already been recognized. Amos Tutuola, whose *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* has appeared in several languages in Europe, is represented by "My First Wedding Day in the Bush of Ghosts." Camara Laye, remembered for *The Dark Child,* is here with "The Stolen Jacket." There are poems by David Diop and Sédar Senghor, among others, and out of South Africa stories of the color line that call to mind similar writing by Negroes of the U. S.

Significantly, perhaps, the most unforgettable inclusion in this volume is a fable by Jomo Kenyatta called "The Gentlemen of the Jungle." Allegedly traditional, this well-turned tale sounds suspiciously contemporary and in its disturbing overtones could account—even more than the charges of Mau Mau involvement—for its author's historic exile and banishment. Aesop was also banished at one time.

New Ways to Ask New Questions

SLAVERY: A PROBLEM IN AMERICAN INSTITUTIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE. *Stanley M. Elkins. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.*

Reviewed by JOHN W. WARD

The historical debate on slavery extends from the period before the Civil War down to our own present. Stanley Elkins begins his contribution to what is already an enormous literature by reviewing the terms of this long debate in order to ask the question, "Is there anything more to say that has not been said already?" The rest of his admirably concise book offers three ways of looking at the problem of slavery that may allow historians to escape the compulsive moral categories of good and bad and to raise questions that have not yet been asked. The three approaches Mr. Elkins suggests are to study slavery by comparing its forms in the different cultures of North and South America, to consider the effect of slavery on the personality of the Negro from the perspective of modern thought and experience, and to understand the guilt of ante-bellum Northern intellectuals not as a response to the moral outrage of slavery but as a problem in the

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JOHN W. WARD is a professor of American history at Princeton University and also teaches in the Program in American Civilization there. He is the author of *Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age.*

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divorce between intellect and social institutions. His book, then, is a series of exploratory essays, an attempt to circumvent the law of diminishing returns.

In 1952 Kenneth M. Stampp reviewed the writings of American historians on slavery and wondered if further research into the records of the practice of Southern slavery would produce any generalization more valid than that "some masters were harsh and frugal, others were mild and generous, and the rest ran the gamut in between." This dispiriting conclusion did not keep Mr. Stampp four years later from producing *The Peculiar Institution* in an attempt to correct the benign view of slavery mainly associated with the writings of Ulrich B. Phillips. But Mr. Elkins suggests that one can escape the human factor, in Mr. Stampp's words a "variable that defied generalization," by stepping outside the limits of the system as it existed in the United States and pursuing a comparative analysis to disclose those features that were cultural rather than purely human. Frank Tannenbaum did just this in *Slave and Citizen: The Negro in the Americas* (1947) and, drawing heavily on his book, Mr. Elkins urges that the comparative method be placed at the center of the debate rather than left on its periphery. Slavery, he feels, is one of the problems in which "one judicious and intelligent comparative statement can be worth an entire attic full of plantation records." What Tannenbaum found was that there were "staggering contrasts" between the resources of the Hispano-Portuguese and the British-American cultures in dealing with the manifest problems of slavery. Why?

In South America, the tension between three kinds of organizations—Crown, Church and Plantation—tended to keep the system of slavery somewhat more open and to preserve the rights of the slave's personality. In North America, slavery evolved solely in response to the demands of agricultural capitalism that, at least in theory and law, could never tolerate any friction between the rights of property and the claims of human personality. "The very strength and bulwark of American society, capitalism," concludes Mr. Elkins, "had stamped the status of slave upon the black with a clarity which elsewhere could never have been so profound." The result was a closed system of unopposed power in which, as W. J. Cash said long ago, "the black man occupied the position of a mere domestic animal, without will or right of his own." The only check against brutality and rapacity was opinion—the contempt for the "nigger-driver" or the disgust for the trader who separated mother and child—and opinion without institutional sanctions proved weak indeed.

What was the result of this "closed" system of power on the personality of the slave? Here again Mr. Elkins seeks a comparison, an analogous structure of power, and finds it in that horror of our own time, the Nazi concentration camp. Despite his attempts to limit the terms of the comparison to the elements of "captivity, absolute power and their effects on personality," and not to compare intentions and motives, Mr. Elkins runs an obvious risk in bringing together two such emotionally laden situations. Mr. David Donald has already objected to the "poor taste and worse logic" of the comparison and Mr. John Hope Franklin doubts that the Negro was dehumanized to the degree white Europeans were. But the taste of the comparison is poor only if the logic *is* bad. What Mr. Elkins argues is that the stereotype of the Negro under slavery as the childish and docile "Sambo," what Ulrich B. Phillips described as the "submissive," "lighthearted," "ingratiating" and "imitative" character of the Negro, was not, as Phillips would have it, the result of the Negro's racial type but rather the Negro's psychic response to the situation of total power in which he found himself captive. It may be that another search through that attic full of plantation records will reveal that the stereotype of the compliant Negro is a fraud perpetrated by Southern apologists, but if we take as valid the widespread cultural stereotype of the Negro as "Sambo," then the effects of unrestricted power on personality are much to the point, however painful it is to recognize what a slender

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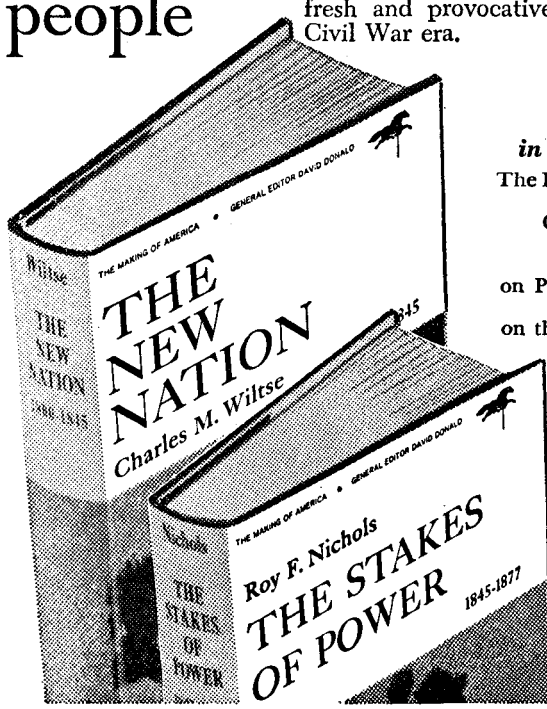

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foothold we all have on the common ground of humanity, what massive cultural supports are necessary to keep us, as we like to say, human.

The absence of institutions in nineteenth-century American life, what Mr. David Donald has elsewhere named "an excess of democracy," not only led to the starkness of the definition of slavery in the United States and to a situation of unmitigated power, but says much of the morbid, guilt-ridden response of Northern intellectuals to what they could see only in terms of the simplest moral abstractions. Cut off, willfully, from all sources of power, asserting the primacy of character and morality over institutions, Northern intellectuals were driven further and further from dealing with any of the actualities of slavery, and further and further into ethical abstractions and vituperation. At the same time Southern intellectuals could do no more than react with hostility to alien criticism. Dialogue among themselves ceased.

The result was disaster. But Mr. Elkins suggests it need not have been so and tries to show how responsible intellectual criticism might have tried to develop piecemeal institutional reform. So simple a one, say, as establishing the institution of marriage for slaves, with its sanctity guaranteed by the institution of the church, might have gone far toward marking out an area of protection for the personality of the Negro and of breaking up the closed system that so oppressed him. Failing such reform, as we did fail, Mr. Elkins asks us today at least to escape the abstract moral categories that still hinder us from understanding what slavery was and why it happened as it did.

In trying to find new ways to ask new questions, Stanley Elkins has produced one of the most exciting and stimulating books on American institutional and intellectual life that we have had now for a long time. It remains to be seen whether other historians will put to the test what Mr. Elkins is content to leave as questions, or whether they will ignore them in their traditional scouring of that attic full of records.

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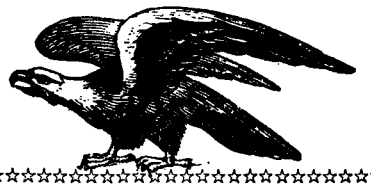

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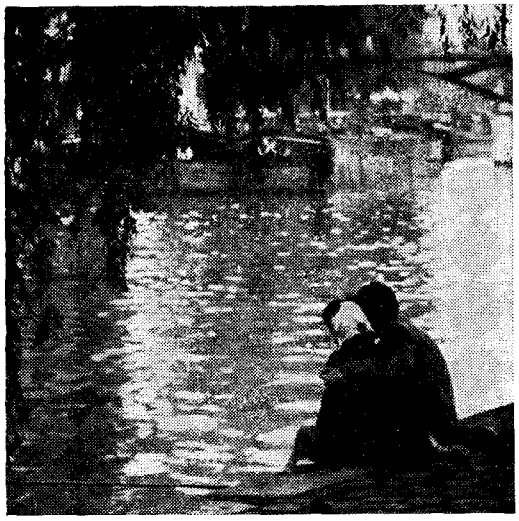

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—EDITOR

In his article, "Tocqueville as Ethnographer" [AS: Spring, 1961], David Riesman mentions Tocqueville's reference to the bar as the most influential quasi aristocracy in America, and then comments on the bar of the present day as follows:

> But the role of the bar in recent years in defending freedom of association has not been impressive. Many lawyers have feared to take the cases of men accused of subversive activities or associations, lest they themselves be thought sympathetic to their clients, leaving the work of defense either to a few older aristocrats of the bar like Lloyd Garrison, or to incompetents, or to Communist-dominated small fry. Thus, I have the impression that lawyers today are, if more professionalized than in Tocqueville's day, much less influential because of their reluctance to face popular distrust. The bar associations have done little to protect their individual members who take unpopular cases, and some have even gone so far as to attack the Supreme Court for those of its decisions which have sought to reinvigorate the freedoms both of speech and of association.

This charge is demonstrably false and, coming from a man of Mr. Riesman's sophistication, is irresponsible.

On two occasions the House Committee on Un-American Activities held week-long sessions in Seattle. On both occasions the Seattle Bar Association offered to and did supply legal counsel to any and every individual subpoenaed who requested it. The officers and trustees of the association accepted the first requests and with their most experienced and distinguished colleagues devoted the better part of a week or more to this service on a voluntary basis.

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Corporation law firms in Seattle as well as firms with more diversified practice have successfully defended federal and other government employees accused of disloyalty. The undersigned has less successfully, but no less enthusiastically, undertaken the defense of conscientious objectors to military service.

It is highly unlikely that any individual in need of counsel has ever been denied competent counsel because of the reluctance of lawyers to face popular distrust.

Individual members of the bar who take unpopular cases have seldom needed any special protection by bar association. However, when a distinguished member of the Seattle bar was subjected to vigorous attack by the present Attorney General for his representation of a then unpopular client, the Seattle Bar Association did rally to his defense with all the fervor at its command. If a lawyer's regular clients go elsewhere, they go and there is nothing anyone can do about it or should do about it.

Recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court unfortunately have not sought very conspicuously to reinvigorate freedoms of speech and association, and the criticism that has devolved upon that court has not been for defending freedom of speech or association, but for writing what the critics considered to be bad law, even in cases in which a sound result has been reached. It is the duty of the bar to criticize the decisions of all courts, and the privilege of the bar to do so with spirit and vehemence short of contempt.

That the bar falls short of its own ideals is a failure it shares with the rest of mankind. In all countries and in all ages the "aristocrats of the bar" are few. That is why they are aristo-

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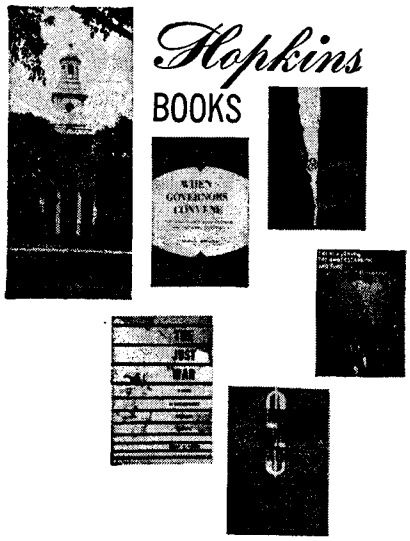

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crats. But they are always present and they are always available.

MARY ELLEN KRUG
Seattle, Washington

* * *

I am very grateful for Miss Krug's letter and for the evidence she gives of the high standards and courage of the Seattle Bar. (Indeed, since my article was written, I have come across another illustration of her theme, namely, the courageous and eloquent opposition by Stimson Bullitt, Esq., to compulsory showing in the schools of a wildly misleading documentary film called "Communism on the Map"; Mr. Bullitt pointed out the refusal of this film's sponsors to allow criticism of the film before captive audiences; and, while he made enemies, he did not lose his standing at the Seattle Bar.) I'm sure that there are differences in the willingness of the Bar to take unpopular positions on civil liberties, depending on the local leadership and traditions and the social composition of cities, states and regions. And I will also readily grant, as would any reader of Samuel Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity and Civil Liberties* (Doubleday, 1955), that the bar, like other educated and upper-income groups, is far less bigoted and more tolerant than the population at large; and I'm asking a lot of it in suggesting that its generally enlightened views be somewhat less muted out of an understandable fear of criticism.

To turn to another point in Miss Krug's letter, I'm of course not against criticism of the Supreme Court, whether by lawyers or laymen! I am myself, like Miss Krug, critical of the recent decisions which seem to me as to her as bad law as they are bad public policy. Obviously I was talking about such decisions as the school desegregation decision and the *Watkins* case. (People who want to pursue my views further may consult an article, "The Court and Its New Critics," in *The New Republic.*)

DAVID RIESMAN
Harvard University

* * *

Newton's Third Law of Motion may be dynamic, but is it thermal? So intelligent and perceptive a writer as Mr. Minogue ["A Fable of Time and Class," AS: Spring, 1961] should have sensed that something was amiss. And where were the editors—out looking for C. P. Snow?

C. STANLEY OGILVY
Hamilton College

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Obviously the "thermal" burnt my fingers and I am grateful to Mr. Ogilvy for applying the dressing so dynamically.

K. R. MINOGUE
London School of Economics

* * *

Robert Welker's fine article on D. H. Lawrence in the Spring issue reminded me of a basic disagreement I had with Oscar Mandel's article in the Autumn issue in which he claims that in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the Anglo-Saxon words that are used do not lose the connotations they have when written on washroom walls because these connotations are too deeply ingrained in us. This reader feels, though, that it is possible to suspend these associations. In discussing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the beginning of the book is often forgotten, and it is this part that provides a contrast to the latter part. Much of the discussion among Clifford's friends is concerned with sex, but it is infinitely different from that which concerns Connie and Mellors later. They use all the words that are accepted as proper terms in such a discussion, but there is something ultimately revolting about their propriety. There is a lack of feeling for what sex really is, a lack of reverence and respect, two qualities that are in abundant evidence in the relationship between Connie and Mellors. There is something disgusting about the very occurrence of such discussions, for sex belongs to two people and not a group of overly intellectual, emasculated men. So in the beginning of the book D. H. Lawrence has demonstrated that the so-called "clean" and accepted words are deeply tainted. They are intrinsically tainted by the origin of their use—the feeling that it is necessary to invent euphemistic terms to describe parts and functions of the body because there is something dirty or unacceptable about them. To Clifford and his friends sex is nothing but a cocktail that afterwards leaves a person raggier than before. The words they use in connection with sex acquire the connotations of their attitude.

Against such a pattern of usage, the four-letter words are successfully established without the usual connotations. This is not to say that the first meeting with these words in the book is not slightly shocking to the reader who has always regarded them as dirty, but in the light of the preceding use of words and the whole purpose of the book, it is obvious why Lawrence uses them. If the reader realizes the preceding and has been profoundly disgusted by the proper words in the book, it is quite pos-

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sible to suspend the normal associations and come to appreciate them for their true connection with sex.

JEAN GILES
Rochester, New York

* * *

Douglas Angus in "Quantum Physics and the Creative Mind" [AS: Spring, 1961] makes the declaration, with the indicative, not the subjunctive, mood, that "life and thought are processes in which ORGANIZATION has pushed ITS way down into the submicroscopic realm of the random, creating a kind of twilight zone in which randomness and order work together to produce biological evolution and free, creative thought. An early contemporary artistic intuition of THIS TRUTH may be involved in T. S. Eliot. . . ." (caps. mine).

May I take issue on two counts? First, it always disturbs me to see an abstraction (in this case ORGANIZATION) assigned such final and ultimate authority that it really seems to be treated like a personification. A parallel case is "The Devil is the father of lies." Change the *personification of evil* into an abstraction and you have a sentence which, in principle, follows Mr. Angus' line of reasoning in reverse. This is a folkloristic process, and it may be the best we can do, but it ought to be recognized as belonging to the category of *Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.* Secondly, I am distempered by Mr. Angus' calling his speculative thought (which I found stimulating indeed) "this truth," as he likewise denominates "the survival of the fittest" hypothesis as "fixed law."

FRANCIS HAYES
University of Florida

* * *

I can understand Mr. Hayes's reaction to my giving to organization a certain vitalistic quality. I was using the word organization to refer to the mysterious force within the process of evolution that leads to ever more complex forms of organization. It is not personified in my article but merely vitalized, and I would have preferred that Mr. Hayes in his analogy had associated it with God rather than the Devil. But Mr. Hayes is right in that it would have been clearer for most readers if I had written that "life and thought are processes in which a mysterious urge toward increasing organization has pushed its way down into the submicroscopic realm of the random. . . ." I am surprised, however, that Mr. Hayes prefers to think of the "survival of the fittest" principle as a hypothesis rather than a law. There are certain historical reasons for perhaps preferring a term like "statistical norm" to the term "law" in this connection, but it is a rare biologist today who still thinks of this principle of evolution as a hypothesis.

DOUGLAS ANGUS
St. Lawrence University

* * *

CORRECTION: On page 216 of Douglas Angus' article, "Quantum Physics and the Creative Mind" [AS: Spring, 1961], the estimate of the possible number of synapses for the human brain, which was printed as 102,783,000, should have read $10^{2,783,000}$.

* * *

Pity the poor Philistine who tries to read some of the poetry that you publish! Now even I recognize a certain excellence in Robert Hutchinson's "Doctor of Theology: Orals," in the Spring issue, and I suspect that the elect can read straight through it with their objective correlatives clicking with the precision of a fine machine. But it would help me if the mechanical or logical connectives were in some way supplied; therefore it is respectfully suggested that this be indicated briefly by the editors on some back page, preferably printed upside down to prevent cheating in the game.

Of intellect I've none to spare, for cross-word puzzles I have no flair, in guessing games I'm ne'er the one that's won it. The modern muse becloudeth me: I'm told poems should not mean but be: but how know when you can depend upon it?

J. C. SCHELLENG
Asbury Park, New Jersey

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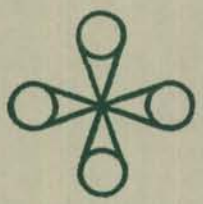

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